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WOODLAND STANDARD.

L. P. Fisher

L. P. FISHER'S
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San Francisco.

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

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BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,

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Office and residence over Whittemore & Higginson's Drug Store.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

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Office at Drug Store. WINTERS, Yolo County, Cal.

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First-Class work and Moderate Charges. Office over Bank,

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Licensed Auctioneer for Yolo County.

Will attend to the collection af accounts.

WINTERS, CAL.

French Restaurant.

WHEN YOU GO TO WOODLAND get your meals at the French Restaurant, where you will find the best table in Yolo county. OYSTERS served in every style.

TWO DOORS WEST OF EXPRESS OFFICE,

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MRS. JOHN WEBBER,

The Fashionable Dressmaker of Woodland, is constantly receiving from the East the latest styles of ladies apparel, which she fits to suit all tastes. When you are in Woodland, ladies,

GIVE HER A CALL.

BANK OF WOODLAND.

Capital Stock, $500,000.

J. D. STEPHENS.....President.
F. S. FREEMAN.....Vice-President.
C. W. BUSH.....Cashier.

Money Loaned on Rdal Estate, Personal or Collateral Security.

EXCHANGES DRAWN ON EASTERN OR EUROPEAN CITIES.

Collections Receive Prompt Attention.

County Warrants, Greenbacks, and all Negotiable Securities, bought and sold.

Great Bargains!

—IN—

F-U-R-N-I-T-U-R-E-!

Mattresses, Etc.

Patent Adjustable Easy Chair.

Stock and prices low enough for the multitude.

W. D. COMSTOCK,

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FARMERS' & MECHANICS' STORE.

Main Street,.....Woodland.

CHARMAK & LEVY

Desire to inform the people that they have as large and fine a selected tock of

GROCERIES

—AND—

PROVISIONS

As can be found in Yolo county, which they will sel

As Cheap as the Cheapest.

—THE—

DRY GOODS

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DEPARTMENT

Is complete in every particular, and the goods are all new and fresh, and of the latest styles.

GEO. W. GREENE,

—Dealer in—

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE,

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

Musical Instruments and Fancy Goods.

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SIMMONDS' NABOB WHISKEY!

THE PUREST AND BEST FOR ALL MEDICAL AND FAMILY PURPOSES.

Has been sold in all the Eastern States and given universal satisfaction.

It is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of Nervousness, Weakness, Debility, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Etc.

It is now introduced to the public of the Pacific Slope, endorsed by the follswing certificates of the eminent Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Louderback, of St. Louis, Mo., both gentlemen prominent in their profession, and which is a guarantee to all buyers of its purity and quality.

I can show thousands of letters from private persons and from all parts of the Union and Canada, to testify to its merits and the benefit it has afforded as a family remedy and tonic.

☞ Sold by all Druggist and Grocers by the case or bottle. Country orders promptly attended to

BY THE GALLON OR BARREL.

CAUTION.—None Genuine unless labeled with my Signature over the Cork.

G. SIMMONDS, Sold Proprietor.

Laboratory and Office, No. 4 State St., Boston, September 9, 1873.

GEORGE SIMMONDS, Esq.—Sir: The sample marked "Nabob Whisky," received from you, has been analyzed with the following results: It is of selected alcoholic strength and FREE FROM ADDED FLAVORING oils, acids, metals, or other deleterious substances.

The whisky is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medical purposes.

Respectfully, S. DANA HAYES,
State Assayer for Massachusetts.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Sept. 30, 1879.

G. SIMMONDS, Esq.—I have been using your Nabob Whisky for some time, and have no hesitation in saying that it is, without exception, the purest article I have used either medicinally or for family purposes. To many of my patients who have been suffering with indigestion and nervous affections, I have prescribed your Nabob Whisky for their use, and I take pleasure in saying to you the effect has been most satisfactory. Please send me by express six cases, also a sample case of your XXV. O. P. Brandy, C. O. D. and oblige yours, very truly, H. C. LOUDETBACK, M. D.

So long as there are ills to which flesh is heir, and the cares and labors of life to breed disease, so long will it be necessary to use medicine to conteract the evils produced and maintain the health of the human family. Many kinds of medicine are frequently offered to the public for one special disease and another, and if the truth were known it would doubtless be found that in the majority of cases these nostrums have done far more harm than good. Indeed one of the greatest evils of the present day is the existence of quack compounds which contain ingredients inimical to health, and the greatest care, therefore, should be taken by invalids, in using many unknown drugs which cannot be taken with impunity, no matter what may be alleged to the contrary.

Now, experience has shown that Nabob Whisky is one of the best medicinal preparations known, and is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of nervousness, weakness, debility, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc. Its popularity throughout the Eastern States has been great, and it comes to the Pacific Coast endorsed by the certificates of Dr, S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Lounderback of St. Louis, Missouri. These certificates are most direct in their statements, avering that Nabob Whisky is, without exception, the purest article that can be used either medicinally or for family purposes. It is particularly efficacious in cases of indigestion and nervous affections, and can be used with the utmost confidence. The analysis shows that this whisky is of standard alcoholic strength, and free from flavoring oils, acids, metals or other deleterous substances. Dr. Hayes further says that it is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medicinal purposes. Such recommendations are the strongest that can be furnished, and as there are thousands of letters testifying to the merits of the whisky as a family remedy and tonic, no further proof of itc excellence need be given.

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON,

Sold Agents for Yolo County,

Main Street, - - - - Woodland.

COMMENCING AUGUST 1ST.

THE FINAL CALL!

LAST CHANCE FOR WOODLAND.

KING

GOES OUT OF THE BUSINESS.

NOTICE.

Possibly you may get some one better in his stead, but probably not.

FOR A SHORT TIME:

Card Photos,.....$1.50 per doz.
Cabinets,..... 3.50 per doz.

BABIES IN ARMS POSITIVELY NOT ADMITTED.

I want to sell my entire fit-out of Gallery, Negatives, etc., etc. Going exclusively into viewing, and Copying, Enlarging and Painting. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work. I know there are many of my friends who would like to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll cempromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.

Gallery Positively NOT Open on Sundays.

J. W. KING, Photo.

P. S.—My View Wagon is at all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of residences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior to anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it. KING, Photo.

THOMAS & HUNT,

Buyers of and Dealers in

Grain and Wool.

OFFICE IN EXCELSIOR BLOCK,

Main Street,.....Woodland.

Wonderful Georgia Woman.

The following particulars we get from Mr. George C. Watson, living near the home of the subject of the sketch: A lady of the Seventh District of Worth County has become insane on the subject of religion. Her dementation was first noticed about a month ago, soon after the close of a protracted meeting at Union Baptist Church, near her home. She attended the different services very regularly, and seemed deeply impressed and troubled from their first commencement. A short while before the meeting closed she joined the church. Going back home, her incoherent, maddened and rambling conduct was noticed by her husband and children, and they became terribly excited and wrought up about it. She went raving about the house and yard with a bucket of water, baptizing every thing in her pathway. She baptized her husband and each of her children, and while doing this sang the most beautiful songs—songs that she had heard but once or twice. Although an unlettered woman (her husband will swear to this), she reads any chapter in the Bible readily, pronouncing correctly and distinctly, paying attention to punctuation points, &c. She preaches nearly all the while, and, our informant says, uses the choicest words and displays great wisdom and knowledge in the handling of different subjects. Although not a Mason, she knows all the mysteries of that mysterious craft by heart. Dozens of Masons have gone to see her, and they all come away dumbfounded. Her husband has come to the conclusion that she is a witch. She has attempted acts of violence, but as yet done no harm. He, with outside assistance, tried at one time to incarcerate her in one of the rooms of the house, but the doors became unmanageable and wouldn't stay locked. She hasn't slept in eighteen days and nights, and during that time has taken but few morsels of food. This is one of the strangest cases we have ever heard of. Hundreds are flocking to see the frenzied woman.—*Albany* (Ga.) *News.*

A Nevada Saline Valley.

About 15 miles north of Columbus, Nevada, is a level valley of over 4,000 acres, known as Rhodes' Salt Marsh. It is evidently an ancient lake bed, and is surrounded on all sides by high volcanic mountains. According to the *Enterprise*, of Virginia City, this valley is underlaid, a foot or two beneath the surface, with a solid floor of rock salt as transparent as ice. Indeed, when the sand that covers the surface is stripped off the salt below bears a close resemblance to a field of ice. In many places little streams of water bubble up through the mass of salt, and very frequently deep pools are found which look just like the air holes in a frozen lake. The salt made at the marsh is perfectly pure. When a tract of ground has been stripped of the surface soil the salt water rises over the bed of rock salt to the depth of a foot or two. Then crystals of salt begin to form on the surface of the water, and as they form they sink to the bottom. If the salt is to be fine, for table use, workmen stir these crystals up with shovels as they settle to the bottom, thus breaking them up. For use in working silver ore coarse salt is as good as fine, and the solid formation may be dug up with picks if necessary, but the loose crystals are more readily handled, and as much salt of that kind is formed as can be disposed of.

SUNSHINE AT HOME.—Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as the flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, they are apt to avoid. If home is the place where faces are sour, and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever on the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.

How Disraeli got his education is said to be much of a mystery. He was for a short time at a boarding school, and for another time placed under the care of a dissenting minister. He was never a pupil at the great public schools, nor even a student at a university.

The Devil's Fruit.

Potatoes were first introduced at Moscow by a Mr. Rowland, between eighty and ninety years ago. At first people would neither plant or touch them, saying they were the devil's fruit, given to him on his complaint to God that he had no fruit, when he was told to search in the earth for some, which he did and found potatoes. A curious Burwickshire legend, which, however, is palpably anachronical, attributes the introduction of potatoes into Scotland to that famous wizard of the north, Sir Michael Scott. The wizard and the devil, being in partnership, took a lease of a farm on the Merton estate, called the Whitehouse. The wizard was to manage the farm; the devil managed the capital. The produce was to be divided as follows: The first year Sir Michael was to have all that grew above the ground, and his partner all that grew below; the second year their shares were to be just the opposite way. His Satanic Majesty, as is usual in such cases, was fairly over-reached in his bargain; for the wizard cunningly sowed all the land in the first year with wheat, and planted it in the second year with potatoes; so that the devil got nothing for his share but wheat stubble and potato tops; and this scourging rotation Sir Michael continued until he not only beggared his partner, but exhausted the soil. In spite of this legend, however, we must begin to give credit to Sir Walter Raleigh for having been the introducer of potatoes into this country. The first that tried them, we are told, fell into the very natural mistake of eating the apples, and disregarding the roots.

Calmness of Criminals.

One of the sigularities of the many cases where criminals are detected and brought to trial for their misdeeds is the calmness with which they conduct themselves. In most of cases there is no sobbing and weeping, no blushing or fluttering, but either a self-possession which resembles the unstudied conduct of one concering himself with ordinary affairs, or that icy assumption which is taken to imply remorse or despair, but which very often implies neither. Indeed, it seems sometimes as though no one susceptible of profound remorse were also capable of committing a deliberate murder, so seldom does one guilty of that crime exhibit a consciousness in which can be detected the dark gleams of regret or dispair. Most murderers sentenced to death still hope for commutation and hail it with joy when it arrives.

Nor is this peculiarity limited to those only who are found guilty of this crime. The record of trials for high crimes and misdemeanors occurring in that city the last few years would show that, however the criminal may suffer in his own conscience, he seldom gives the public the satisfaction of seeing this. He reserves his attitudes of despair for his prison cell and for the darkness of the night. Where a man holding a high social pos itinn is found guilty of forgery, for instance, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, his pride usually sustains him through every-thing, from the first moment of his detection to that in which he is initiated into the mysteries of prison life and the door of his cell is closed upon him. Then, perhaps, the floodgates are broken up and the tide gives way.

There is more truth than poetry in the following; many are constantly in the habit of taking drugs to whom this may be a wholesome word of warning: "Whatever medicine is capable, when properly administered, of doing good, the same medicine is equally capable, when improperly administered of doing harm; the drugs often substitute a malady more serious than that which they were intended to cure. The Irishman said his physician stuffed him so with medicine that he was sick a long time after he got well."

The Archduchess Christine of Austria, who is to become Queen of Spain, is just twenty-one years old—a year younger than King Alphonso. She is said to be extremely unwilling to part from her relations and friends; and she will, indeed, see very little of them hereafter, as the etiquette of the Spanish Court will not permit her to choose even her ladies of honor from among her own countrywomen.

A Girl's Complaint Among Men.

Seriously, when one comes calmly to con over the conversation that has taken place between you and the most of the men you have happened to meet for the last few months (and, worst of all, are likely to go on meeting for the next few years) why the conclusion one comes to is that men are stupid, that they either won't exert to talk intelligently when they meet an intelligent girl, or that they have come some time ago to the happy conclusion that all girls are next door to idiotic. Society must surely be a shocking bore to these poor men, and if we may judge from the worn and weary expression generally to be seen on the countenance of a man who goes out much, it is a bore to him. I grant that some girls are stupid and uninteresting, but my complaint is, that when girls are nice, intelligent and full of cleverness, men are so lazy, or so blind, or so stupid, that they will not behave to them like beings endowed with the ordinary amount of brains. We girls are always being asked why we don't do as our ancestors did before—viz: marry the first man that asks us; we say the world has advanced, and we could not live with a husband with whom we have no companionship, and then we go on to think of the men we have met, and that we may be said to know, and the reflection only makes us more determined to wait till we are old and grey, rather than link ourselves to a man who is no sort of companion to us, and will never appreciate any of the qualities that make us dear to a large circle of friends who have taken the trouble to talk to us, and so to know us. I am not a clever girl nor a blue stocking, nor anything approaching it, but only a girl who has heart and a mind, and who is very anxious that the other sex, if they do possess such qualities, would not endeavor to conceal them, and would try to find out the conversational powers of the girls they meet in society. There is more real pleasure in conversation than in anything, and even though young men and girls may not be the least inclined to a serious consideration as to whether they can ever be companionable for life, surely they may talk to each other.—[English Paper.

GODPARENTS.—Among the Russians, the godfather and godmother, by answering for the child, become related to it and each other, and a lady and gentleman who have stood as sponsors for the same child are not allowed to marry each other. In christening, the priest takes the child, which is quite naked, and, holding it by the head, so that his thumb and finger stop the orifices of the ear, dips it thrice into the water; he cuts off a small portion of the hair, which he twists up with a little wax from the tapers, and throws it into the font; then, annointing the baby's breast, hands and feet with the holy oil, and making the sign of the cross with the same on the forehead, he concludes by a prayer and benediction.

This is what Robert G. Ingersoll says of the women: I tell you women are more prudent than men. I tell you as a rule women are more faithful than men—ten times as faithful as men. I never saw a man pursue his wife into very ditch and dust of degradation and take her in his arms. I never saw a man stand at the shore where she had been morally wrecked waiting for the waves to bring back even her corpse to his arms; but I have seen woman with her white arms lift man from the mire of degradation, and hold him to her bosom as though he were an angel.

To Classical Student—You ask: "If Atlas supported the world, what supported Atlas?" The question, sir has often been asked, but never, so far as we are aware satisfactorily answered. We have always been of the opinion that Atlas must have married a rich wife, and got his support from her father.

A YOUNG man who went to a circus and stepped too near the monkey's cage had his arm seized and savagely jerked by one of the monkeys. He would have escaped safely had he not said "it was merely a monkey wrench," but when they heard that the infuriated crowd threw him into the lion's cage.—[Oil City Derrick.

Belle, Ma Belle.

I perceive, with glad surprise,
None can tell,
Love that glads thy gleaming eyes,
Belle, ma belle,
Many a gloomy doubting hour,
Years ago,
Have I felt their subtle power;
Now I know,
That thy glances fond and free,
With their spell—
All are made and meant for me,
Belle, ma belle.

Long I watched their gentle glance
Filled with doubt,
Heard whene'er they looked askance,
Turned about
By the smallest light of change
In their glow,
Lovelights glancing soft and strange
To and fro;
All thy radiant charms divine
None may tell,
Now I claim them all as mine,
Belle, ma belle.

All my soul before thy charms
Knelt and fell,
Now I hold thee in my arms
Belle, ma belle!
Had I lost thee, then might death
Set me free,
Thoughts with latest flying breath
Turned to thee;
Love is life and life is love,
All is found—
Blessed our union from above,
Blessed and bound.
Let our songs in prayer and praise
Gladly swell,
Love is ours through endless days,
Belle, ma belle.

—*Waverley.*

On the Matterhorn.

Two years ago Mr. Charles P. Howard, an American gentleman, made the perilous ascent of the Matterhorn, in climbing which the late William O. Mosely, jr., of Boston, was killed a few days ago. Mr. Howard has contributed to the September number of Lippincott's Magazine a vivid account of his adventure. After narrating his start with guides and party, and the preliminary climb to the hut at which rest over night is always taken by adventurers, his description thus proceeds:

It was 4:10 when we were ready to start; the stars were shining brightly, but the pale, white glow of dawn in the east gave light enough for us to make out the dim outlines of the rocks. We set off slowly along the ledge, under the overhanging rock and on to the snow slope, which we crossed horizontally until about half way over, when we turned straight up and reached the rocks above. These we ascended slowly, as it was difficult to see the cracks and ledges in the dim light. As soon as we struck the rocks I noticed that they were decidedly more difficult to climb than those below; they were now much steeper and smoother, and every step had to be studied before taking it. We soon came to the smooth steep surface of rock, up which Bromtschen climbed without the least hesitation or apparent difficulty, but when I tried I could not find crack or cranny, and stood like a crab in an aquarium, feeling around in every direction with arms and legs for something to catch hold of or step on, but without success. Bromtschen then put his knee down against a rock, and without remark raised me off my feet by the rope, and I found myself safely landed on a ledge at his side.

The sun now touching the summits of Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn, we sat down for five minutes to watch the light creeping down their sides. It was a magnificent sunrise. There was not a cloud or sign of haze in any direction; the immense snow-fields around Monte Rosa shone with a clear golden pink light. We continued to ascend as before, sometimes climbing straight upward and sometimes bearing a little to the left, until we came to a long, steep slope of snow, which proved hard enough to hold us, aided by slight steps cut in the hard green ice, which lay about a foot below the surface. A long rope about as large as a clothesline, extended down the upper three-quarters of this slope, having been tied around a rock at the top and left behind by one of the preceding parties in descending. We reached the top of the slope without having to make use of it, but it was about as much as I could do, the surface of the snow lying at an angle of between forty and forty-five degrees. We now found ourselves on the further end of a long, narrow ridge leading up against the precipitous body of the mountain. This ridge, called the "Shoulder," is distinctly seen from Zermatt. Proceeding along the top of this ridge on a narrow edge of hard snow, through which jutted small sharp pinnacles of rock like a long row of teeth, we at last came to a small flat rock which scarcely afforded a seat for one person. We stopped here a few minutes to rest, I taking the only seat. We were now 1,475 feet above the hut just 14,000 feet above the sea.

To a novice our position seemed frightful. On the right the rocks dropped sheer 3,000 feet to the steep snow slopes leading down to the Z'Mutt glacier, and on the left the slope was so steep that it appeared almost a precipice. The ridge in front, along which we must pass, narrowed until it seemed to have no breadth at all, and was capped by a thin edge of snow, except where one or two thin needles of rock projected up through, so sharp that no snow could cling to them. The eye, following this apparently impassable ridge of snow-capped rocks, came at last to the main peak of the mountain—a smooth, glistening obelisk of rock and ice—rising 780 feet above us. Directly in front of us and to our right, the northern face of the mountain presented a wall of smooth rock which descended from above in one sheer jump to the Matterhorn glacier, more than 3,000 feet below us. Its surface down to our level was streaked and glazed with ice, which glittered and shone in the morning sun, having been formed by the water from the melting snow above freezing during the night. The vertical precipice which forms the eastern face of this peak joined the northern face almost directly before us. To untrained nerves the thought of attempting to cross that narrow ridge and get a footing on those steep, icy rocks was simply horrible; one must have been in such a dizzy and insecure position, with such a fearful climb before him, to thoroughly appreciate the feeling. However, I did not let the guide know that I felt a little like flinching, and, in fact, we all kept very quiet and did not talk much. After resting for ten minutes Bromtschen asked if I were ready to start. I had had enough of this place and was glad to go on and have something else to think of.

We soon reached a part of the ridge where it was not more than one foot wide. I could hardly believe that rocks and snow could stand up in such a thin, sharp ridge, but there it was, and Bromtschen was walking along the comparatively smooth hard snow which capped the rocks; he stooped a little to balance himself. I followed, but the slight wind on our right was too strong for me to feel sure of my balance, as my feet, when the toes were turned out, reached from side to side of the ridge, so I got down on my hands and knees and crawled slowly and carefully along, my right foot overhanging the Z'Mutt glacier and my left the precipice which leads down to the slope on the left. I crawled in this way for about 150 feet, and reached a small turret of rock, beyond which the ridge was not quite so narrow, and where I could walk upright. We followed the top of the shoulder without much difficulty, but we had still to be so careful in placing our feet that I did not look much ahead; and so I found myself, almost before I knew it, at the foot of the main peak, which had appeared so terrific from our last resting place. Looking up, the rocks above for 400 feet were seen to be very steeply inclined, making an average angle of 59 degrees, almost perfectly smooth and coated with glare ice.

A little to our right a rope hung down these icy rocks from a considerable distance above, while just below it the rocks dropped away in the precipice facing the Z'Mutt glacier. I did not quite fancy the outlook, but concluded that if I dropped the guides must go with me, and that they knew what they were about, and would not take a certainty of being killed for only $20. They had already informed me that the ropes were new, having been replaced only a week before by an Italian gentleman who had spent five days and 3,000 francs in making the ascent from Breuil with his wife and descending to Zermatt. Arrived at the foot of the rope, Bromtschen told me to stand there until he found a footing above. He then went up it hand over hand, bearing his toes and knees against the rock, until he had gone as far as the thirty feet of rope between us would let him. Here there was a small ledge of rock just sufficient to stand firmly on, I then went up the rope after him, at first bearing my knees against the rock as I had seen him do, but they only slipped off the ice without holding in the least, and let me bump against it; so I straightened out, and went up the rest of the way hand over hand. I did not see a single crack or ledge until I reached the one on which Bromtschen was standing. When I came up to him he made room for me by standing on one leg, so that I could put one foot where his had been. This ledge was about three inches wide in the middle by one foot long, so that there was only room for each of us to rest on one foot. Bromtschen now went up another length. After he had gained a footing, Farrier came up to where I was, and just before he reached me I went up again to Bromtschen, who then started up another stretch. In this way we went up more than 100 feet until we came to the iron spike sunk in the smooth face of the rock around which the rope was looped. By the time I reached it Bromtschen was higher up, on good footing, and could give me a strong pull while climbing up the icy rocks, which still continued very smooth ten feet or so above the spike. For about 100 feet further the rocks were very rough, and therefore easy, and we had no difficulty until we came to an overhanging rock some fifteen feet high, with a diagonal ledge a foot wide running half way up to it. Over this small precipice hung a rope, which at first sight seemed hardly necessary until getting upon this diagonal ledge we found ourselves pushed off beyond our balance by the overhanging rock. The rope now came into play, and by bearing our weight upon it we could swing out beyond the rocks and climb the diagonal ledge, and then haul ourselves up the rest of the way hand over hand. This rope was attached to the rocks nearly 100 feet above, and assisted us in climbing up the rather difficult icy rocks.

Soon after leaving this rope we arrived at the foot of the steep and long snow slope which we were expecting to find so dangerous. It extended from where we stood to the summit, 350 feet above us. It is inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, and when the snow is light and mealy as it was reported to have been the previous day, it is exceedingly dangerous. To our great relief we found that the snow had melted a little the day before, and frozen again during the night, so that a thin crust had formed over the somewhat stiff snow beneath. It would just bear us, when deep steps were carefully kicked in it, and we commenced the ascent. It was a long pull, and our progress was slow, for we had to move our feet very carefully, as the steps frequently broke away under our weight, and we had to save ourselves by bringing it on to the other foot and our arms pushed through the crust. After we had advanced in this manner for more than half an hour, the slope gradually grew less steep, and we soon found ourselves on a nearly level ridge of snow, the highest point of which, about 375 feet, southwest of us, formed the summit of the mountain.

Advancing along the top of this ridge, it suddenly narrowed to a thin edge of snow-capped rocks very similar to the one that we had followed on the Shoulder, but dizzier still, for the precipice on the left dropped sheer down to the meadows above Breuil, more than 6,000 feet below, while the rocks on the right dropped precipitously down to the fifty degree slope, which forms the top of the precipice above the Z'Mutt glacier. The snow which capped the rocks formed a smooth level path twelve or thirteen inches wide, nearly straight and of uniform breadth. Fortunately the wind was light and blowing directly in our face, so that it did not affect our balance. I succeeded in walking this ridge without stooping, although it was about 100 feet long, and easily reached the further end, though with a feeling of relief. This ridge was the most tremendous and remarkable formation I ever saw or read of, and if the wind had been strong crossing it would have been a dangerous feat. Just ahead of us the fifty degree slope on our right ran up to a sharp edge of snow formed by the breaking away and falling of the snow down the precipice to the left, facing Breuil. We cut steps along this snow arete, keeping its edge about shoulder high so that we could bear our hands against the slope to steady us as we walked along. A few minutes after, at 7:55 A. M., we were standing on the highest point of the Matterhorn, 14,780 feet above the ocean. I leaned against the snow and hung my head over the edge, looking straight down 6,000 feet, and into the valley of Val Tournanche, over 10,000 feet below, in the west, forty miles away, the snow-white peak of Mont Blanc with its slightly flattened top, towered high above everything else—so high, in fact, as to appear solitary in its grandeur. The plains of Italy stretched out like an immense greenish floor until lost sight of far away to the southeast in their brown haze. Our position was too terrific to be thoroughly enjoyable, even with such a view to look at, particularly as the thought of getting down again was constantly before us. We wrote our names on a card and left them in an empty bottle which we found fastened to a split stick firmly planted in the snow, and then at 8:07 A. M. turned to descend, having been on the summit twelve minutes.

Good-Nature and Earnestness.

Energy and earnestness, without good-nature, while commanding respect and accomplishing great results, frequently render their possessor obnoxious to every one. He will, perhaps, become so heated in an argument as to lose both his temper and his logic. Or he will be so eager to right a wrong, or redress a grievance, that he will quite ignore the rights of the opposite party. He will, perhaps, be so enthusiastic in some enterprise that he will have no toleration for those who are not; or so intensely interested in the affairs of another as to neglect his own. His passion for truth will make him severe to every species of deceit; his principles are uncompromising, and he cannot make allowance for the shortcomings of those who are weaker than himself. He never drifts, and is better pleased to stem the current than to go with it. In society he is by no means a general favorite, for he would far rather benefit another than please him, and would sooner censure a fault than praise a virtue. Stanch and loyal in friendship, he yet often offends by his bluntness, and is thought rude and discourteous, when he only means to be faithful and honest. He is often disobliging, not from any inherent ill-nature, but from pre-occupation of mind, which prevents him from noticing the many courtesies and kindnesses which make social life pleasing.

It is not difficult to see that the finest character is that which unites these two elements of good-nature and earnestness in the fullest measure. No one is too good-natured, no one is too earnest, but many who excel in one lack the other. Intensity of feeling is very apt to be irritable, unreasonable, unlovely, while good-nature is often lymphatic, supine, and indifferent. To unite the two in full and harmonious proportions may be beyond the power of any one, but it should be the aim of each of us to cultivate with diligent care the one in which we are most deficient. Eager, zealous, enthusiastic men and women should see to it that they are not betrayed by their ardor into ill temper or bitterness towards those who differ from them, or carried away by their zeal, so as to forget other claims and other interests, or led by their candor to hurt needlessly the feelings of others; while those who are naturally good-natured and agreeable should be equally on their guard against that indolent and passive condition of mind which will forfeit important interests and neglect valuable results for the sake of tranquillity and ease.—*Public Ledger.*

Her Stockings.—The prettiest and daintiest of Japanese belles now in Europe, says the Tokio (Japan) *Times*, was recently discovered in partial *deshabille* by some lady visitors, who were captivated by the neat and closely-fitting *tabi* upon her tiny feet, and pronounced them, after leaving, just too awfully nice for anything, while the contrast between the snowy whiteness of the linen sandals and the peculiar, delicate tint of the stocking beneath was perfectly splendid! They easily procured the *tabi*, but they searched the city in vain for matches to the lovely hose. The new color was evidently a rare Oriental dye, which had not reached the marts of Europe. In their disappointment sore they went to the Japanese lady and explained to her that they had set their hearts on producing in their morning *negligees* the same combination they had noticed on her feet and ankles. Would she be so kind as to lend them one of her stockings, to enable manufacturers to attempt imitation? And then the little lady smiled, and gracefully whipped aside her "uwagi nakagi and skitagi," disclosing that the admired stockings were not the mysterious products of some jealously guarded Eastern loom, but the dusky, unadorned tegument with which nature had provided her.

President Chadbourne, of Williams College, is to have charge, during the next two years, as editor-in-chief, of a work on the "Wealth of the United States," which is to be published in a half dozen different languages. It will be distributed by the United States consuls, and is designed to direct attention to everything that this country has to sell. An association of capitalists have contributed fifty thousand dollars toward the undertaking.

A Scottish Poet.

We have lately read a small volume of poems, which, though possessed of great poetic merit, seems but little known and appreciated in this country or in Europe.

The poems were written by Michael Bruce, who was born in Kinrosshire, Scotland, in the year 1746, and who, having long struggled with poverty and disappointment, died with consumption at the early age of twenty-one, while keeping school in an adjoining neighborhood.

The first piece in the book mentioned is a peerless little poem, entitled "The Cuckoo," which has had a circulation in Great Britain almost as extensive as the "Elegy in the Country Churchyard," but, unlike that poem, its real authorship has been kept concealed.

We quote the last four stanzas of the poem:

"The school-boy, wandering in the wood,
To pull the flowers so gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitate thy lay.

"Soon as the pea puts on its bloom,
Thou fly'st the vocal vale;
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

"Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

"Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with social wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring."

Dr. George Lawson, being once called to preach in the neighborhood of Kinneswood, the country-seat of Kinross, called to see this young poet, who was then scarcely twenty-one years of age, but in the last stages of a wasting disease.

"I found him," said this excellent man, "in bed, with his countenance pale as death, while his eyes shone like lamps in a sepulchre. He appeared delighted to see me, and spoke with as much ease and freedom as if he had been in perfect health."

The doctor remarked to him,—

"You look so emaciated, I am afraid you cannot last long."

"You remind me," he replied, "of the story of the peasant who was told that his hovel was about to fall, and I answer with him, '*Let it fall; it is not mine!*'"

Young Bruce died about a month after this interview. His mind had been, as usual, calm and cheerful up to the fifth day of July, 1768. Before the day closed, his spirit had fled.

His Bible was found upon his pillow, and on the blank leaf this very homely but very expressive verse was found in pencil-marks:

"'Tis very vain for me to boast
How small a price my Bible cost;
The Day of Judgment will make clear
'Twas very cheap or very dear."

—*Youth's Companion.*

Arizona's Night-Scenery.

Notwithstanding the entire absence of timber or verdure of any kind upon the mountains along the Colorado river, they are ever-changing objects of beauty and interest, and the longer and more studiously you gaze upon them the more completely you are lost in admiration of them. In the evening, in the interval just before and immediately after the decline of the great orb of day, these earth-giants point up their ragged edges and grotesque columns against a canopy that is a marvel of celestial covering. At this time of the year clouds sail majestically over the mountain-tops. From sunrise until within an hour of sunset the imperial dome seems like a great sapphire suspended over the world. Then the eastern mountains and the horizon above color up in lilac and gold. A few moments after sunset the whole heavens and mountains upon either side assume a lavender hue. So perfect and so delicate are the tracings of the mountain outlines against the sky at this period of the evening that the entranced vision follows them as readily as if they were just so many artistic pencilings upon map or parchment. Yet all this pales in comparison with the mirage on a clear morning, which cuts up these same mountains into castles, cathedrals, fortresses, esplanades, gardens, forests, and every other imaginable thing, or topples them over, or suspends them in the air at will. One can watch the beautiful effects of mirage in this country with more delightful avidity than any other one thing that can be presented.

Of What is Salt a Symbol?—Of fidelity. A man who has partaken of salt with you is bound to you by the laws of hospitality, and thus bread and salt are eaten at the ratification of a bargain or treaty to make it binding on all parties. Salt is also an emblem of desolation; conquered cities were sown with salt. In Scotland and Ireland salt appears to have been considered to represent the incorruptible spirit, and it was therefore laid above the heart of a corpse; and in some places a large platter was so placed, containing a small portion of salt and earth unmixed, the one to represent the immortal, the other the mortal part. In former days, when it was the custom for all the household of a nobleman or gentleman to dine together, the large salt cellar, which was placed in the middle of the table, was the boundary of distinction between the family and the menials.

New Waterfalls in the White Mountains.—The White Mountain *Echo* announces the discovery by an exploring party of the finest waterfalls thus far known among the White Mountains, heretofore unseen by human eyes. They are situated on Copper Mine Brook, four miles within the primeval forest on the northern slope of Kinsman Mountain and northwest of Mount Cannon, that bears the profile of the "Old Man." From the density of the undergrowth, these falls are only approached by a weary march up the bed of the river. The entire height of the falls is about 150 feet, more than eighty of which is a perpendicular descent, being thus greater by many feet than the celebrated Glen Ellis Falls. The newly-found falls are inclosed in a vast natural amphitheatre, and resemble in a remarkable degree a beautiful lace bridal veil which has led the discoverers to name them "Bridal Veil Falls."

"Probabilities" from Josh Billings.

Josh Billings, who is as usual passing his summer in the White Mountains, has put it in the way of the editor of the *White Mountain Echo* to print a few of the component parts of his new book, to be published in the fall. Its title will be "Old Probabilities: Perhaps Rain—Perhaps Not;" and it will have for its motto: "Truth iz said to be stranger than fickshun—it is to most pholks." The selections are these:

About the hardest thing a fellow kan do iz to spark 2 gals at one time and preserve a good average. Try it.

Don't dispize your poor relashuns. They may be taken suddenly ritch sum day, and then it will be awkward to explain things to them; undoubtedly so.

Next to klear konshience for solid comfort cums an easy boot. Try both.

If a young man hain't got a well balanced head, I like to see him part his hair in the middle. Don't you?

I don't take any foolish chances. If I wuz called upon to mourn over a dead mule, I should stand in front uv him and do my weeping.

There is no man so poor but what he can afford to keep one dog, and I have seen them so poor that they could afford to keep three.

I say to 2 thirds of the rich people in this world, make the most on your money, for it makes the most of you. Happy thought.

I never argy agin a success when a rattlesnaik's head's sticking out of a hole. I bear off to the left and say to miself that hole belongs to that snaix.

The infidel argys just az a bull duz chained to a post. He bellows and saws, but he don't get loose from the post, i notiss. Not much.

I thank the Lord that there is one thing in this world that money kant buy, and that is the wag ov a dog's tail. Yure unkle.

I have seen men so fond ov argument that they would dispute with a guideboard at the forks ov a kuntry road about the distance to the next town. What fools.

There are but fu sights in this life more sublime and pathetick than tu see a poor but virtuous young man struggling with a mustach. It iz thus.

I notiss one thing, the man who rides on the kars every day is satisfied with one seat; but he who rides once a year wants 4. That's so.

Flattery is like colone water, to be smelled of, not swallowed.

The man whom you kant git to write poetry or tell the truth until you git him haff drunk aint worth the investment.

Whenever I see a real hansum woman engaged in the wimmin's rights bizzness I am a going to take off mi hat and jine the processhun. See if I don't.

Nervousness.

Every organ and every muscle in the human body depends for its action on nerve-force, elaborated by the brain, or spinal ganglia; and so does every thought and feeling—the more active the thinking, or the mere intense the feeling, the greater the expenditure of nerve-force.

The little white threads that run in branches through the body from the brain and spinal cord are merely conductors of this force, just as the decline wires are of the electricity.

The brain-battery, when in a vigorous condition, elaborates enough nervous force, not only for all ordinary, but for a vast deal of extraordinary use, directly from the raw material in the blood, for in such case the raw material is furnished in proportion to the expenditure.

But in "nervousness" of every form the balance is disturbed; the supply is not equal to the demand, hence there is a state of nervous exhaustion.

By carefully guarding the outgo, the person may enjoy a tolerable degree of health; but he feels, often to prostration, a little extra demand, especially if protracted. Generally self-control is weakened; one is easily startled; laughter and tears come at trifles; the person is touchy, perhaps hysterically; the blood is impoverished, and hence no organ or tissue in the body is properly fed, nor can fully do its work.

This deficiency of nerve-force may result from a deficient diet; the abuse of stimulants; too little sleep; protracted overwork of brain or muscle; long-continued care, anxiety or grief; sensual or emotional excess of any kind; lack of recreation.

A Noble Jackass.

John A. Rockafellow writes from Arizona to a friend in this city an account of a very amusing adventure he recently had with a cinnamon bear. The latter is a very ugly customer to close with, but our friend was delivered in a most unexpected manner, as will be seen by the following; "Last night I was coming up from the Santa Cruz Valley, eighteen miles below. I was riding a buro (jackass), but, on coming to a hill, dismounted and was slowly walking up, when I came on an immense cinnamon bear, less than twenty feet away. Of course, to run was out of the question; so I stood and eyed the old fellow, and he stood and eyed me, as I slowly pulled out my six-shooter from the holster. Old bear-hunters say it is not safe to tackle a cinnamon with a rifle carrying less than seventy grains of powder, and then give him a dead shot, as the cinnamons are worse than the grizzlies. I didn't have my rifle with me, and as my six-shooter only uses twenty-three of powder, I concluded I was not looking for a fight unless the bear was. Whatever his intentions were I don't know, but my buro (jackass), who was some distance ahead just then, caught sight of him, and, instead of running away as one would expect, started for Mr. Bruin with tail and ears erect, and to clap the climax, commenced to bray. This was too much, and the old bear started as if he was shot out of a gun. He just tore up the ground, and when he couldn't run fast enough, he rolled down the mountain side. 'Old Balaam' has played that trick before with me when I have been trying to get up on a deer, and I have always pounded upon him for it, but last night I concluded to give him a leather medal."—*Syracuse Herald.*

Oliver Wendell Holmes on Reading.

At the recent annual meeting of the Society to Encourage Studies at Home, at the house of the late Mr. George Ticknor, the students and others present had the good fortune to listen to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in one of his free-and-easy talks, that intelligent people love to read. He said:

Shall we read—that is, shall we make a serious business of reading? This seems a strange question to ask, but let me give some meaning to it. It was at the hospitable board of this very house that I heard the late Mr. Edward Everett tell a story of Lord Palmerston which I have never forgotten and often repeated. Some one asked him, "Have you read a certain book?" naming it. "I never read printed books," was Lord Palmerston's answer. Mr. Everett did not explain or account for this answer so far as I remember, but I suppose he meant that he had enough to do with reading written documents, newspapers, the faces and characters of men, and listening to their conversation to find out what they meant—perhaps quite as often what they did not mean.

Some persons need reading much more than others. One of the best preachers I have known read comparatively little. But he talked and listened, and kept his mind sufficiently nourished, without overburdening it. On the other hand, one of the most brilliant men I have known was always reading. He read more than his mind could fairly digest, and brilliant as he was, his conversation had too much the character of those patchwork quilts one sees at country cattle-shows, so variegated was it with all kinds of quotations.

The first time I ever visited Theodore Parker he was not quite thirty years old, and I own that his reputation as a scholar had not reached me. In looking around his library I saw upon his shelves the great series of quartos—which I knew by their titles only, if at all—Brucker's *Historia Critica Philosophæ.* "You have hardly read that, I suppose," I said, not thinking that any student, in these degenerate days, grappled with these megatherial monsters of primitive erudition. "Oh, yes I have," he answered very quietly; and then I who thought I was dealing with a modest young divine of the regulation pattern, took another look at the massive head of the young man whom Mr. Wendell Phillips has lately spoken of as the "Jupiter of the pulpit."

Somewhere between these two extremes most of us find ourselves. But we must remember the French saying, "*l'appetit vent en mangvent,*" or, as Hamlet would phrase it, increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on; and if we do not love books naturally, we must acquire the habits of loving them, if possible, as people acquire bad habits, that of intoxication or opinm-eating, beginning with a little, and trusting that by-and-by we shall thirst for more.

What shall we read? I am very thankful that it does not fall to my lot to answer this question. I do honestly assure you I had rather ask this question of the ladies and gentlemen who have undertaken to direct the home studies of those who are fortunate enough to be under their guidance, than to answer it. What infinite waste of labor might not such guidance have saved me, could I have had it, and have had wisdom and good sense to profit by it, at a certain period of my life? I congratulate you most sincerely and deeply that the thoroughly cultivated intelligence of the scholars who surround me has been made tributary to your advancement in sound knowledge and wholesome training. It is a task of great difficulty to point out the proper course for so many minds of different natural aptitudes and different stages of education. In this inundation of literature I have spoken of most young minds will be overpowered by some flood or other.

The daughters of Danaus are not all dead yet; on the contrary, their number is legion. All those young women who pass their days and nights reading endless story books—novels, so called, doubtless, from their want of novelty—what are they doing but pouring water into buckets whose bottoms are as full of holes as a colander, and which would have nothing to show if Niagara had been emptied into them?

How shall we read? I must answer this question very briefly. I believe in reading, in a large proportion, by subjects rather than by authors. Some books must be read tasting, as it were, every word. Tennyson will bear that as Milton would, as Gray would—for they tasted every word themselves, as Ude or Careme would taste a *potage* meant for a king or queen. But, once become familiar with a subject so as to know what you wish to learn about it, and you can read a page as a flash of lightning reads it. Learn a lesson from Houdin and his son's practice, of looking in at a shop window and remembering all they saw. Learn to read a page in the shortest possible time, and to stand a thorough examination on its contents.

A Qualification.—An old chevalier worth millions feels his end approaching; he summons his lawyer to give him his last will and testament. He tries to think to which of his friends he can leave his fortune. The lawyer observes: "Monsieur has a nephew,"—"Don't speak of him; he hasn't a cent, and is dying of hunger; do you think I'm going to encourage such people?" "But sir, your nephew has no need of encouragement. I know you have lost sight of him for some time." "True, for some time!" "Very well, in that time he has made a fortune." "Ah, hah!" "He is now a rich fellow, steady and perfectly able to dispense with your money." "Oh! in that case 'tis very different; make him my sole heir!"

In London lately, in the case of Paris v. Jackson, an action for breach of promise of marriage, the defendant pleaded that "he was insane when the promise was made." This could not be considered a justifiable plea, for whenever a man proposes he is generally supposed to be "*madly* in love."

A man's own safety is a god that sometimes makes very grim commands.

Intelligence Items.

London has 221 Baptist churches.

The South has 798,862 Episcopal Methodists.

The French Republicans are afraid of the Jesuits.

Texas ranks third among the wool growing States.

Texas pays annually $500,000 interest on her State debt.

There is a man in Cambridge who calls his dog Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Tomb Thumb is showing himself in New England towns.

The most ancient paper in Arkansas is but thirteen years old.

The population of Kansas on the first of March last was 849,878.

Four young ladies were the bearers at the funeral of a Lowell youth.

The latest from Cape May gives the place ten thousand visitors at the hotels.

Selma, Alabama, colored Baptists supported a school with five teachers and 252 pupils, last year, and incurred no debts.

The "Home for Business Girls,' which Mrs. Gladstone has opened in London, will accommodate twenty-five persons, who will pay according to their means.

Louis Kossuth's son, chief engineer of the Italian railway, favors the use on his road of the American engines, a specimen of which was taken to Milan from the Paris Exhibition for trial.

The report is revived that Lord Dufferin will shortly be transferred from St. Petersburg to Constantinople, with instructions to insist upon the speedy execution of required administration reforms in Turkey.

It is said that a tuft of Zulu hair was found in the hand of the dead Prince Imperial, and the blood on the ground around him showed that he was not overpowered without a desperate struggle.

The following figures serve to illustrate the growing importance of the Suez Canal. The ratio of expense to income has steadily decreased from 93.21 in 1870 to 18.41 in 1877. The annual receipts increased from $1,385,400 to $6,635,200 in that time. The working expenses have regularly been about $1,200,000 a year. In 1877 the number of vessels passing through the canal was 1,663.

Hugo one day told one of his admirers that in 1835 he was invited to the Tuileries by Louis Phillippe, and the conversation lasted so late that, when the poet rose to go, the palace was locked, and the servants asleep. A touch of the bell would have summoned them, but the citizen king preferred himself to escort his guest to the door. The auditor expressed some surprise at this condescension.

"Why not?" replied the poet, with that modesty he has always displayed, and that becomes him so well, "why should not one king conduct another?"

An Artful Dressmaker.

A dressmaker of Brighton, England, Mrs. Aaronsen, has been in the habit of making her customers jolly, good-natured and generous, by inducing them to partake freely of alcholic refreshments. One of her patrons, a Mrs. Kemp, of Burgess Hill, during a visit to the artful dressmaker, became so exhilarated by her libations, that she very likely imagined her husband possessed the purse of Fortunatus; for, regardless of expense, she ordered the designing dressmaker to make her several black silk dresses, after various styles and patterns, and other garments to match. It is strange that the lady's extravagance could only find an outlet through the medium of dark silk. It may have been that, while in her cups, Mrs. Kemp felt as exuberant and hilarious as the representative young widow is said to be by the novelists, and other heartless people, when the unavailing grief of the first few months of her lonely widowhood has given place to the calm philosophy which urges her to dry her useless tears and display her charms to the best advantage, with the hope that a new admirer may be induced to propose for her companionship until death or divorce rudely tears asunder two hearts that nature formed to beat as one. And Mrs. Kemp may also have cast her prophetic eye down the dim vista of the future, and beheld poor Kemp's inanimate form safely deposited in the company of his ancestors. With this mournful picture in her mind's eye, it is very likely she thought of the usefulness of ten or a dozen black silk dresses, in assisting to set off the charms of an attractive widow. This may have been her motive in ordering them, for black silk is conceded to be especially becoming to young widows. Mr. Kemp, it is inferred, thought black anything but becoming to his wife when the bill of fifty guineas was presented to him for payment. He even had doubts of her sanity in ordering so many dresses at one time, and his doubts became convictions when he discovered that they were all of one hue and fabric—black silk. Like a sensible man, he refused to pay the bill. The dressmaker brought suit against him, and lost the case. The jury, evidently composed chiefly of married men, virtually decided that any husband who was inclined to encourage his wife in such idiotic extravagance as the purchase of six black silk dresses at one time, was "fresh" enough to be a much-married Mormon, and ought to be punished by being forced to supply twenty prodigal wives with all the dress material they desired. This verdict gives general satisfaction to all except the artful dressmaker; and to her it must serve as a warning hereafter, not to make her patrons too extravagant by intoxicating beverages.

A MUTE COW.—It is related that a cow, twelve years old, of Algava breed, belonging to a Russian nobleman, never showed signs of hearing, nor bellowed. Seeing the other cattle bellow, she tried to imitate them by stretching her neck and head, and opening her mouth, but she could not produce any sound. The sense of vision of this cow was found to be unusually well developed.

A Comical People.

Precedence in England extends even into the servants' hall and kitchen. This is manifested every morning. At family prayers all the house servants attend, just as they used to do here in families in which that domestic discipline was kept up. A row of chairs is placed for them in the breakfast-room, and they enter and take their seats. The head of the house reads prayers and the lesson of the day, or some other part of the Bible. I observed that the servants in each house always entered in the same order, the housekeeper marching at the head of the line and taking the seat farthest from the door. And it was, I am sorry to say, rather funny to see some dozen or more of them pound solemnly in and plump stolidly down upon their seats. After prayers are over, they of course rise and go out. But I saw that they did not go out in reverse order, the one nearest the door going out first, as would have been natural and convenient. They rose, stood in line, and then the housekeeper went out first, followed by the servant next her; and thus the line doubled upon itself, the file thus telling itself off, so that the one who entered the room last left it last. The order of entering and leaving was the same. On speaking of this I was told with smiles that precedence was strictly observed among them; that in the servants' hall the housekeeper took the head of the table, the butler the foot, and that the servants, upper and under, had places strictly assigned to them according to the dignity of their positions. What is the order of their sitting or of their going the lord of precedence only knows; but I suppose that the my Lady's maid sits on the right hand of the butler, and my Lord's own man on that of the housekeeper. At dinner they sit together at the common table down to cheese; and the upper servants only rise and go in state to dessert in the housekeeper's room. The upper servants are those who have servants under them; an upper servant never wears livery. When visitors of a great house bring servants with them, the guests in the servants' hall are formally assigned places strictly according to the rank of their master or mistress. I learned also that servants do call each other by the titles of their masters and mistresses, and that this incident of "high life below stairs" is no fiction.—RICHARD GRANT WHITE, in the *Atlantic*.

About Sleep.

Although sleep is a natural and involuntary state, it may be greatly promoted by maintaining a good state of health, by daily open air exercise, or by riding or sailing with the face exposed to the air; by having the stomach free from a heavy meal or any indigestible substance, and by the mind being undisturbed with cares. Overfatigue, indulgence in food or drink beyond what nature requires, want of proper exercise and mental disquietude are all a cause of sleeplessness. Breathing in a confined or overheated apartment is also a not unusual cause of broken slumber. The temperature most suitable for sleep is about sixty degrees, which gives the sensation of neither heat nor cold, and admits of a moderate amount of bedclothing being used.

The best posture for sleep is to lie on the right or left side, with the arms crossed over the breast in front and the head well up on the pillow. The mouth should be shut, so that the breathing may be carried on exclusively through the nose. Some persons acquire a habit of sleeping with the mouth open, which causes the grotesque and offensive action of snoring. Going to sleep while lying on the back should be avoided, as besides inducing the sleeper to snore, it is apt to cause disturbing dreams.

When lying down to sleep, the mind should be as composed as possible. Thinking ought to be guarded against, as productive of wakefulness. Those who, from nervous irritability, are habitually bad sleepers, resort to various expedients to secure the blessings of repose. One of the most successful plans consists in mentally repeating a familiar poem or psalm, so as to alter the train of thought and lull the consciousness.

It is a well ascertained fact that sleep begins at the extremities; the feet sleep first, and then the rest of the person. On this account, in order to fall asleep, we require not only to compose the thinking facilities, but to keep the feet still. The feet must also have an agreeable warmth. With a consciousness of this fact, the North American Indians and others who are in the habit of bivouacking in the open air when on distant expeditions, sleep with their feet toward a fire which they kindle for the purpose. Certain drugs act as an opiate and produce sleep when ordinary means fail; but these should never be taken unless by medical sanction. The practice of using opiates is most detrimental to health, and, if persevered in, is ruinous to the constitution. Coffee and other beverages act variously on different individuals. They exhilarate some, and others they send to sleep. Tea usually acts as an exhilarant, by stimulating the nervous system, and should not be taken less than four hours before going to sleep.—*Chamber's Journal*.

ROAST FOREQUARTER OF LAMB.—Ingredients—Lamb, a little salt. Mode—To obtain the flavor of lamb in perfection, it should not be long kept; time to cool is all that it requires, and though the meat may be somewhat thready, the juices and flavor will be infinitely superior to that of lamb that has been killed two or three days; have a brisk fire when the joint is put down; baste it constantly until the moment of serving. Lamb should be thoroughly done without being dried up, and not the slightest appearance of red gravy should be visible as in roast mutton; this rule is applicable to all young roast white meats; serve with a little gravy made in the dripping-pan and send to table with a tureen of mint sauce, a fresh salad, a cut lemon, a small piece of butter and a little cayenne should also be placed on the table so that when the carver separates the shoulder from the ribs they may be ready for his use.

Unreliability of the Senses.

It is surprising how people will differ in their opinions about apparently very simple matters, as, for instance, the temperature. "What an awful hot day," says Jones, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "So?" says Smith, calmly, "why, I think it is quite comfortable." The first has been taking things quietly and has not heated up his system; the other has been taking violent exercise or drinking stimulants. Or, sometimes the difference of opinion may be traced to the different states of health of the two individuals. In either or any contingency of the kind it is clearly demonstrated that the senses are very untrustworthy, and that when we attempt to measure heat the thermometer is ten fold more reliable than the human body. Every reader must have observed what diversity of opinion always exists in society as to the state of the weather. "For heaven's sake shut that window, or I shall freeze to death," said the lady from Kentucky in the passenger car. "For mercy's sake leave it open, or I shall smother," said the lady from Michigan. "For humanity's sake," cried a crusty male passenger, "leave it open until the lady from Kentucky freezes to death, and then shut it until the Michigan lady smothers to death!" That verdict may have been a little severe, but it illustrates the irrepressible conflict that always exists between independent sets of sensatory nerves. Even in the same individual do we find a like conflict of testimony. When the right hand is held in warm water, the other in cold, for a few moments, and then both hands plunged into a basin of tepid water, the two hands will give different reports, as if obeying the scriptural injunction of not letting the right hand know what the left hand doeth. To the right the fluid is cold; to the left it will feel warm though it is really the same to both. The same discrepancy of evidence is found to exist in reference to the character of sound, vision, and smell as exists with reference to the sense of touch. Railway employers have found it essential to test the visual powers of train men to see whether they can readily discern the vari-colored signals. A small per centage of men are found to be afflicted with "color-blindness," and are unable to distinguish certain colors at distances that vary in different individuals. The sense of hearing varies in individuals and all the senses are more or less liable to variation according to the health and organic structure of the individual.

The unreliability of the senses as an accurate guage of any state or condition of physics led scientists long ago to discard that kind of evidence wherever anything better could be obtained. The glass of clear, sparkling water, that to the eye, and taste, and smell, bears evidence of having been distilled from Heaven's purest reservoirs, is detected in the chemist's laboratory to be a very magazine of disease and pestilence. The air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat, all deceive the senses, and that which we often pronounce pure and healthful contains the germs of death. These facts do not prove the inutility of the senses with which nature has endowed us. It is a rich and an indispensable inheritance; but it teaches us the important lesson that as we are not perfect in our physical organization we also are not perfect, and cannot be perfect, in our mental powers. It is a lesson of humility, and teaches us to be lenient in our judgment toward others and quite suspicious of conclusions based upon sensatory evidence alone.—*Hawk-Eye*.

Acres of Perfume.

Some idea of the magnitude of the business of raising sweet-scented flowers for their perfume alone may be gathered frem the fact that Europe and British India alone consume about 150,000 gallons of the handkerchief perfume yearly; that the English revenue from French eau de cologne itself is $40,000 annually, and the total revenue of England from other imported perfumes is estimated at $200,000 each year. There is one great perfume distillery at Cannes, in France, which uses yearly about 100,000 pounds of acacia flowers, 140,000 pounds of rare flower leaves, 32,000 pounds of jasmine blossoms and 20,000 pounds of tuberose blossoms, together with an immense quantity of other material used for perfume. Victoria in New South Wales is a noted place for the production of perfume-yielding plants, because such plants as the mignonette, sweet verbena, jasmine, rose, lavender, acacia, heliotrope, rosemary, wall-flower laurel, orange and the sweet-scented geraniums are said to grow there in greater perfection than in any other part of the world. South Australia, it is believed, would also be a good place for the growing of these perfume-producing plants, though they are not yet cultivated there to much extent. The value of perfumes to countries adapted to their production may be gathered from the following estimate of their growth and value per acre, as given in the London (Eng.) *Journal of Horticulture:* An acre of jasmine plants, 80,000 in number, will produce 5,000 pounds of flowers, valued at $1,250; an acre of rose trees, 10,000 in number, will yield 2,000 pounds of flowers, worth $375; 100 orange trees growing on an acre will yield, at ten years of age, 2,000 pounds of flowers, valued at $250; an acre of violets, producing 16,000 pounds of flowers, is worth $800; an acre of cassia trees of about 300 will, at three years of age, yield 900 pounds of flowers, worth $450; an acre of geranium plants will yield something over 2,000 ounces distilled artta, worth $400; an acre of lavender, giving over 3,500 flowers for distillation, will yield a value of $1,500. —*Boston Cultivator*.

HAIR TONIC.—Take one ounce of sage and steep it in one pint of boiling water for ten minutes; strain and add two ounces of glycerine, one-quarter ounce of powdered borax, one-quarter ounce of lac sulphur, one-quarter ounce of tincture of cantharides, bergamot sufficient to perfume. Apply twice a week with the hand and rub thoroughly in. Two or three applications will remove dandruff and restore gray hair to its natural color.

Daring versus Bravery.

The absurd desire to be the hero of some dangerous exploit, and the subject of club-room and railroad conversation for a day or two, received a most lamentable rebuke, the other day, in the Alps. Dr. Mosely, a young Bostonian, with a name for climbing dangerous mountain peaks, undertook to reach the snow crest of the Matterhorn, one of the most dangerous points of that dangerous region, and was killed. Until 1865 this great rock and ice pyramid, nearly 15,000 feet high, was the last of the Alpine peaks unscaled. Before that Prof. Tyndall and others had succeeded in getting within 200 feet of the crest, and in 1865 Lord Francis Douglas and two others were thrown over a 4,000-feet precipice. Such a tragedy should have put a check to the ardor of mountain-climbers, except such as had scientific motives. But sadly enough, this was not the case. Ascents of the Matterhorn are of frequent occurrence.

Dr. Mosely lost his life in a doubly fool-hardy manner. In the first place, there was no reason for his making the attempt; and having made it, there was no excuse for his being rash and daring in his movements. The ascent had been accomplished, and when nearing the cabin built some years since as a resting-place, he deliberately untied the rope connecting him with the guides. His foot slipped, and in an instant he was shooting over an ice bank with such rapidity that his clothing was completely torn from his body. Dr. Mosely's fate marks sharply the difference between bravery and reckless daring. No man of reason will hold that it is a brave thing to cut loose from a rope on the brink of a precipice. It was rashness for which no excuse can be given. Even admitting what was probably not a fact (since Prof. Tyndall and others had been there before him) that Dr. Mosely was on a scientific expedition, his actions were beyond all the bounds of reason. It is simply stupid bravado—this walking unshod on the icy Alps, as though they were garden promenades.

While this desire to do absurd and dangerous things is a trait in human nature, it is particularly pronounced in this part of the world. Yankee daring and bravado are as notorious as Yankee bravery is noted the world over. The Sam Patches are peculiarly "American institutions." A man jumped from the Suspension Bridge at Niagara the other day, and a humorous paragrapher remarked that unfortunately he survived the leap. Men are continually trying to see how near they can go to the brink of Niagara Falls without going over. An actress not long since asked permission to ride a horse over the narrow path across Brooklyn Bridge; and the tribe of idiots who cross the ocean in frail dories, murder sleep by absurd pedestrian tours, jump from moving trains and daily perform other such fool-hardy deeds, thinking that they are brave, are legion.

Men also take risks in these times in burglarious exploits wholly out of reason. A merchant may be brave, but he surely does not show it by sleeping with unbolted doors. Mr. Frye may have been a stranger to fear, but he recklessly courted a dreadful death by inviting a strange barber and his comrades to play billiards with him at his own residence on Beacon Hill. Common prudence, to say nothing of self-respect, should be enough to keep ignorant Italians and low Greeks out of one's parlors. And when we think how easy it is in this democratic land to strike up an acquaintance on steamboat or cars or by a chance introduction, and when we remember, also, how our streets are lined with well-dressed adventurers and educated rascals, we get an idea of the great risks men necessarily run in mingling with the world, and ought to be warned against throwing wide the doors, especially to characters confessedly disreputable. Faith in human nature must be bounded by reason, and a desire to meet danger is bravery only when the end to be gained is noble.—*N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle*.

Had No Fear of His Drowning.

Charles Dickens, in his biography of Charles Matthews, tells a striking anecdote about Lord Blessington. He was a good-natured, lazy, fussy, selfish old man, who tried to while away his time with a dilettante devotion to the arts. On the expiration of Matthew's apprenticeship as an architect, Lord Blessington took him up and became his patron. Matthews behaved with so much tact that when the building whim was over he was invited to accompany his employer to Naples, where Lady Blessington was living, the center of a fashionable artistic society, the members of which either painted, or wrote poetry or novels, or played the flute, or in some way or other were absorbed in the exercise of the nobler faculties of the soul. The genuine fun and good spirits of Matthews made him a most welcome addition to the house; and, although his position was not a very easy one, his good sense carried him through; he was not one of the sensitive people who are always looking their gift horses in the mouth. One day the party had gone to explore some ruins rising out of the sea. Matthews describes how, as he was leaping from stone to stone, "Lord Blessington called out more than once, to my great surprise, 'Take care! take care! For Heaven's sake mind what you are about! You'll be in to a certainty!' After one or two repetitions of his alarm, Lady Blessington, losing patience, exclaimed, "Do let the boy alone, Blessington. If he does fall into the water what does it signify? you know he swims like a fish.' 'Yes, yes,' said his lordship, 'that's all very well, but I shall catch my death driving home with him in the carriage."

There is on exhibition in Paris a two-headed horse with six legs. There is some prospect of making a trotter out of him.

DROPSY AND DROPSICAL SWELLINGS are certainly cured by Dr. Jayne's Alterative, It stimulates the absorbents into healthy action, whereby all watery or calcareous depositions are gradually but surely carried off. It also increases the power of digestion, and imparts renewed vigor to the whole system, thus removing all danger of a relapse.

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REMOVAL.

The Concord Carriage Repository

Has removed to No. 46 New Montgomery street, next to Palace Hotel, San Francisco, where a full stock of **"Concord"** Buggies and Wagons, the genuine "Concord Harness" and E. M. Miller & Co.'s (Quincy, Ill.) Buggies and Carriages will be constantly kept on hand. T. S. EASTMAN, Agent.
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THE GREAT LIVER PANACEA

Cures Every Form of LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, KIDNEY COMPLAINT, DISEASES OF THE **STOMACH AND BOWELS,** And all Diseases arising from DYSPEPSIA, SUCH AS **SOUR STOMACH, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, HEARTBURN, ETC.**

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Its action on disease is entirely different from any medicine ever introduced. Three doses will relieve any ordinary case, but the medicine should be continued until it effects a complete cure. It tones and invigorates the digestive organs and stimulates the liver to healthy action, thus preventing or entirely curing diseases arising from indigestion, or weak and impure blood.

Samples Free at all Drug Stores.

Large Size, Price 75 Cents.

For convenience in carrying, the Prairie Flower put up in lozenges, **Price 25 cts.** per box.

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THE BEST soap for toilet use ever manufactured. BEST because it contains all the excellencies of the most expensive foreign or American soaps without their defects. BEST because it combines strength with delicacy in such a way that its strong detersive qualities do not injure the skin. BEST because it is the result of years of study and experiment in the soap manufacturing business, assisted by modern chemical discoveries. BEST because it contains ingredients beneficial to the skin, which unite chemically with the soap in such a manner as to increase its saponaceous qualities. Every chemist familiar with soap manufacture knows that some ingredients which are in themselves beneficial to the skin cannot be saponified; some are partially neutralized, while others injure the quality of the soap. There are soaps in the market which are to some extent beneficial to the skin, but they are inferior articles for toilet use. PHOSPHATE SOAP is the ONLY article offered to the public which combines all the best elements of toilet soap with medical ingredients beneficial to the skin.

TESTIMONIALS.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.

Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

The ladies of my household, four in number, unite with me in pronouncing your PHOSPHATE SOAP the best ever tried for toilet use. It is noticeable that while it readily removes impurities from the skin, it also leaves undisturbed the natural oil so essential to the health. It is not too strong language to say that we are delighted with it.

C. M. SAWTELLE, M. D.,
120 Capp street.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug 23, 1879.

Gentlemen:

I received a package of your soap (Phosphate Soap) and it gives me great pleasure to testify as to its superior excellence. As a toilet soap I have never seen anything to surpass it. It also possesses superior remedial qualities. I have used it in two cases of obstinate skin disease, one of intolerable itching, *Pruritus*, the other an *Eczema*. In both great relief was obtained. Its emollient properties are remarkable. Respectfully,

W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D.,
126 O'Farrell St.

To the Standard Soap Company.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.

Standard Soap Co.—Gents:

I have tried your PHOSPHATE SOAP, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best toilet soap I ever used. My wife has used it and is of the same opinion. I have paid as high as fifty cents per cake for an article in every respect inferior to what you sell for twenty-five cents. HENRY H. LYNCH,
515 Haight street.

OAKLAND, CAL., Aug. 1, 1879.

Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

We have been giving your PHOSPHATE SOAP a pretty fair trial, and we like it the best of any soap for toilet use that we have found on this Coast. We have little doubt that it will meet with universal favor. MRS. R. R. JOHNSTON,
1016 Kirkham street.

The genuine merits of PHOSPHATE SOAP and persistent advertising will force every druggist, groceryman and general dealer to order it by the gross sooner or later. Ask for it in every store. The retail price is 25 cents per cake. We wish to sell it only at wholesale, but in case you cannot find it we will send a nice box of three cakes by mail, postage paid on receipt of 85 cents in stamps.

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TIMOTHY SARGENT, Manager.

WOODLAND STANDARD.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT,.....EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL.,.....SEPT. 13, 1879

DEMOCRATIC FOLLY.

Since reading the proceedings of the Convention at Syracuse, New York, on Thursday of this week, we have come to the conclusion that the Democracy of the United States have gone daft. With an easy victory within their grasp at the coming election in that State if they were only unanimous and united in their choice of a candidate for Governor, they have split square in two, made two nominations for that office, and done all in their power to place the State in the hands of the Radicals. The Tildenites forced the nomination of Robinson for Governor, and the Tammany delegates immediately withdrew and nominated John Kelley for that place. Should the situation remain as it is, Cornell, the Republican candidate will be elected, and all through Democratic folly. Cornell is distasteful to a large number of the Republicans of New York as Robinson is to the Tammany Democrats, but as the State election is just on the eve of the great Presidential contest next year, the former have the political sagacity to see that success then lies in a thorough and united organization now.

In California the Democracy made as fatal a mistake this year, with results already known. Instead of holding the Convention at the time originally set, and placing in nomination a straight ticket, the advice of a few old fossils was listened to, the Convention postponed, the candidate of another party for Governor endorsed, and all chances of success literally thrown away. There is not a Democrat in the State that doubts for a moment the success of the Democratic ticket in the late election if it had been headed by some such man as Governor Irwin, who had been tried and found true.

As it is, California Democrats have learned a lesson they will not soon forget. The New York Democracy have their lesson yet to learn, and it may be that it will be of great good.

SOME SMALL GAIN.—Have any of our Democratic cotemporaries ever thought of the good that will come of a Republicen administration next year? That party will be in the majority in the Legislature, and all we Democrats have to do is to keep a sharp outlook, and we will have a large supply of political capital on hand for the Presidential campaign in the fall. It will be remembered how the Rebublican press siezed upon every bad act of the last Legislature and laid it at the door of the Democratic party, and there is no denying that it had the desired effect. It is not reasonable to suppose that the approaching session will be any better than the last, and if we turn the tables the Radicals must not complain. Instead of being on the defensive we will be on the aggressive, a good position to occupy. We await the opening of the session, with an appetite craving for Republican gore. Ugh!

We hope that henceforth we shall have a straight Democratic ticket in the field. Success or defeat, let us have a clear fight on Democratic principles. And let us take an interest in securing good candidates. The success of most of our candidates on the judicial ticket shows two things: That the best talent in the legal profession is to be found in the Democratic party, and, also, that Democrats will be preferred in any case by the people when they are, as they ought to be—the fittest men in the lists of candidacy.—[Examiner.

The Atlanta *Constitution* says there are only three things between Conkling and the Presidency. They are the people, the ballot-box and Sprague's shotgun.

A grand reception is being arranged for Gen. Grant when he arrives in San Francisco, which will be on the 19th inst. or sooner.

The latest returns from this Congressional District give McKenna, Republican, 19,086, and Berry, Democrat, 19,000, with Del Norte, which is generally Democratic, to hear from. There is still a good chance of Berry being our next Congressman.

At the sham battle in Sacramento, yesterday, one of the artillerymen had an arm blown off by the premature discharge of a cannon, and another was seriously wounded.

POLITICAL MORALITY AT A LOW EBB.

That the perpetuity of republican institutions in America is in danger, not from armed violence, but from the canker of corruption that spreads itself through communities during political campaigns, was probably never better shown than during the late Constitutional campaign. Happily there remained enough of honesty to withstand the assults and threats of the corruptionists. How far the same game is being played this campaign remains yet to be developeb but it is not yet too much to say that in all probability it will not be played so desperately as it was six weeks prior to May 7th. The following from the Columbus (Ohio) *Democrat* is worthy of consideration: "That which most threatens the integrity of the ballot in this country is not armed violence or intimidation as our Redudlican friends would have us beleive, but the corruption influence of money. And it is not by the mythical "white leagues" and "rifle clubs" of the South that republican institutions are imperiled, but by Northern politicians who buy elections with cash. When a man who now holds a seat in the Congress of his country, declares upon his oath, and with the flippant remark that "such things are usual and must be done," that he bought up voters in the market and holds his seat in the national councils as a thing bought and paid for with so much cash; when he declares that he paid out to secure his election a sum of money more than three times what he could legitimately receive from the office, it would seem that political morality in this country is at a frightfully low ebb. The state of things as revealed by the Cincinnati investigation is one well calculated to excite the gravest apprehensions. If it has become a custom in the large cities, as thus appears, to lavish these large sums of money to secure election and so obtain official position, then are popular elections a mockery and a delusion. It is all well enough to make an outcry about the will of the people of certain sections of the country being set at naught by violence and armed force. If that is done, which is not yet proven, it calls for condemnation. But far more dangerous to our liberties and institutions, because more secret and insiduous, is it when the will of the people is set at naught by the corrupt use of money. That this has been done, done in Cincinnati, and by a Republican Congressman, we have his own word for it, under oath."

Transformation of Sound Into Light.

M. Coulon, conservator of the Industrial Museum of Rouen, has discovered a new system for transforming sound into light, which phenomenon has been the subject of a lecture at the Salle des Capucines by M. Frank Geraldy, with the Gower telephone. Two Ceissler tubes are put in quick rotation on an axis. The Ruhmkorf coil of the first is worked by an ordinary interruptor and gives the deviation of a luminous cross. The interruptor of the second is replaced by a telephone. The figure presented by the second tube projects on the first one, which is colored by uranoxide glass and exhibits the most rapid changes occording to the hight of the note delivered in the telephone trumpet. The sensibility of the changes are startling and most interesting. An exhaustive lecture by M. Coulon will be given at Rouen in a few days, and the apparatus exhibited at the Palais de l'Industrie.—*Iron.*

Conkling's course in the Sprague scandal case has reflected no credit upon him. In place of bearing his share like a man, he tried to sneak out of it and his every act since has been to shift the responsibility and the shame upon the shoulders of Mrs. Sprague. The American people have a supreme contempt for a man who hides his sins behind a woman's petticoat.—[*Sac. Bee.*

FATAL DISEASE.—An Atlanta, (Ga.) special says: Reports of a fatal fever raging in the counties of Polk, Paulding and Harranson, have not been overdrawn. Within a few days over fifty men died in an exclusively rural population. The victims are mostly young men. Those attacked suffer horribly, the tongue turning black and swelling double the size, and blood oozing from their mouth and ears. Immediately after death the bodies become spotted and discolored. Of twenty-nine cases under one physician's treatment not one recovered. The greatest alarm and distress prevails, and it is steadily spreading.

THE GREAT FRAUD.

In regard to the statement lately made by Justice Miller that the vote of Louisiana was cast for Tilden, the *Examiner* has the following to say:

It should be remembered, in connection with Justice Miller's votes in the Electoral Commission, in favor of Hayes, that, before he took his seat in that eight-to-seven body, he took this solemn oath: "I do solemnly swear that I will impartially examine and consider all questions submitted to the Commission of which I am a member, and a true judgment give thereon, agreeably to the Constitution and the laws, so help me God." Evidence was brought before Mr. Justice Miller showing that the lawful vote of Louisiana belonged to Mr. Tilden and Mr. Hendricks by a majority on the popular vote of the State, of more than eight thousand; that a conspiracy had been formed at New Orleans to defraud the people of Louisiana of their voice in the election of a President; and that the so-called Hayes electors had no title to represent Louisiana in the Electoral College save what they derived from forged certificates, perjured affidavits, and shameless violations of the law—that their claims rested upon a fabric of fraud witnout a parallel in the experience of the world. Yet, in the face of right and law and justice, in defiance of the popular will, and in deliberate violation of his oath, Mr. Justice Miller voted to defraud the people of their choice for President, to steal from Tilden the Presidency, and to deliver the stolen office to Hayes. Now, after nearly three years have elapsed, his conscience smites him into a confesson that Mr. Tilden was elected! It is the confession of his perjury. Justice Strong made a similar confession over a year ago. And perjured Justice Jo. Bradley is the only one of the recreant three of the Bench who is yet to hear from, to like purpose. Still, these three perjured Justices keep their places on the Bench, from which they help to dispence the supreme law of the land, and the people are expected to repose faith in their integrity and uprightness! It is expecting altogether too much.

A Rival of the Electric Light.

An intensified gaslight, by some called the "albo-carbon-light," is attracting considerable attention in England at present. Its special advantages are that it economizes the consumption and improves the quality of the gas, and involves no change in mains, meters or piping, or the general apparatus of gas service. It is also claimed by the patantees that albo-carbon causes no obstruction and leaves no residum; and that the evaporation of the substance under heat is so thorough that vessels in which it is used may be replenished without any fear of accumulating deposits. A variety of interesting photometric tests were recently applied to this light at an exhibition in London; and one of the most pleasing effects produced was that of its hue, which was cheerful and sunny as well as intensely brilliant; and the shadows cast by objects within its range were of a subdued tone quite different from the intense darkness that contrasts so unpleasingly with the moonlight brightness of the electric light, which requires at present for its production elaborated machinery not needed in connection with albo-carbon. This substance, used as an adjunct to gaslight, imparts to the latter a warm, sustained and steady light, that does not, in spite of its strength, fatigue or discommode the eye. As employed as an auxiliary to common gas, the improved light consists of some properties of pure white carbon in the solid form of small cylinders, having much the appearance of sticks of pure white candy. The apparatus required to adapt the feeder and enricher to an ordinary gas-burner is so simple that it demands a management no more skillful than that needed to fill and trim a a common table lamp.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE COUNTY of Yolo, State of California.

WALTER E. MARTIN vs. HIS CREDITORS.

Pursuant to an order of the Honorable E. R. Bush, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the Creditors of said insolvent WALTER E. MARTIN, to be and appear before the said Judge, in open Court at the Court room of said Court, at Woodland, in the County of Yolo, on the

18th day of October, A. D. 1879,

at one o'clock P. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not be granted and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided, and in the mean time all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court, this 11th day of September, 1879. D. M. BURNS, Clerk,

[SEAL.] By JAS. C. HARLAN, Dep'y Clerk.

C. H. Garoutte, Atty. for Petitioner. se13-td

READ THIS!

The undersigned would call the attention of persons desiring to secure Cheap Homes to the two places described below. Application must be made

WITHIN TWENTY DAYS,

As other arrangement will be then made. A place adjoining the Town of

DUNNIGANS!

Containing TWO QUARTER SECTIONS of Land, well improved, a FINE HOUSE. Lathed and Plastered, well finished throughout; cost last year $2,000. A comfortable BARN and good GRANARY. A good Well of fine Water with Horse-power for raising water in large quantities.

—ALSO—

A Place Two Miles South of said Town of Dunnigan,

WITH TWO SMALL HOUSES, a Good Barn (cost $1,000) and Outbuildings. This is the Finest Grain Land in the State, as evidenced by adjoining lands this year. These places can be bought

VERY CHEAP and on EASY TERMS

If called for within the twenty days as mentioned above.

—ALSO—

The fine, well-known Ranch of C. BUOB, is offered for sale at a bargain.

Apply to

GEO. D. FISKE,
P. O. Block, Woodland.

sep6-2t

NOTICE TO CREDITOS.

IN THE COUNTY COURT, OF THE COUNTY OF Yolo, State of California.

PETER LAUENER vs. HIS CREDITORS. } Notice to Creditors of Insolvent.

Pursuant to an order of the Honorable E. R. Bush, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the Creditors of the said Insolvent, Peter Lauener, to be and appear before the said Judge, in open Court, at the Court Room of said Court, in the Court House at Woodland in the said County of Yolo, on the **20th day of September,** A. D., 1879, at 1 o'clock P. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided, and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 12th day of August, A D., 1879. D. M. BURNS,

[SEAL] County Clerk.

ag16 5t By IGNACIO BROWN, Deputy.

Summons No. 98.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE SIXTH JUdicial District, State of California, County of Yolo. RECLAMATION DISTRICT NO. 108, Plaintiff, vs. W. J. CLARKE, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to W. J. CLARKE: You are hereby summoned to appear and answer the complaint of Reclamation District No. 108, in said Court filed against you within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in this county: if served out of this county, but within this Judicial District, within twenty days: but if served on you without said district, then in forty days from such service, exclusive of the day of service, in an action commenced on the 21st day of May, 1879, in said Court.

Said action is brought to recover the sum of $1092 84-100 in gold and silver coin of the United States, with interest thereon from the 5th day of March, 1871, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum—being the amount of two assessments levied in Reclamation District No. 108, to-wit: On the E. ½ and S. W. ¼ of Sec. 12, T. 12 N., R. 1 W., Mt. Diablo base and meridian, in Yolo county, California, the sum of $936 72-100, and on the W. ½ of S. W. ¼ of Sec. 13, T. 12 N., R. 1 W., Mt. Diablo base and meridian, in Yolo county, California, the sum of $156 12-100: and for a decree of this Court adjudging said several amounts, so assessed, liens on said several tracts of land, and for the purpose of enforcing said liens, that said tracts of land be sold, in the manner provided by law, to satisfy said several assessments, with interest as aforesaid, and costs of suit—all of which will more fully appear by reference to plaintiff's complaint on file herein. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the complaint as directed, plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In testimony whereof, I, D. M. Burns, Clerk of the Sixth Judicial District Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand and affix the seal of said Court at office in Woodland, this 18th day of August, A. D. 1879.

[SEAL.] D. M. BURNS, Clerk.

By James C. Harlan, Deputy.

C. H. GAROUTTE, Dist. Attorney of Yolo county, Attorney for Plaintiff.

A. C. ADAMS and W. B. TREADWELL, of Counsel.

aug23-5t

C. W. PROCTOR,

PRACTICAL DRUGGIST,

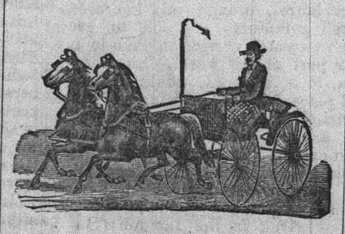
Dealer in

Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils,

AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

Under Craft Hotel, Main Street,.....Woodland

CITY LIVERY STABLE.



SMITH & WHITE, Proprietors.

HAVING taken charge of the Stable formerly known as Beamer's Livery Stable, I am prepared to furnish

STYLISH TURNOUTS

At Low prices. HORSES BOARDED by the day, week, or month, and given the best of care. A share of the public patronage solicited. ag16

T. L. SMITH.

JUAN MARIA OTAGO. THOS. MC'LEOD.

OTAGO & MC'LEOD.

Main Street, Winters.

BLACKSMITHING

—AND—

WAGON WORK.

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

NEW FIRM!

H. H. LINNELL & C.,

37 and 39 J Street, Sacramento.

HARDWARE

—AND—

Agricultural Implements.

AGENTS FOR THE

Mitchell Wagons,

Weyrich Headers,

Anson Woods' Mowers & Reapers,

Buckeye Wheel Rakes,

Which we offer as first-class Goods. We also have a full line of Forks, Rakes, and all Harvesting Tools, with a WELL SELECTED STOCK OF HARDWARE.

We invite all to call and see us, or send us their orders.

We shall, by fair dealing, endeavor to merit patronage, and by selling at favorable rates, make it an object to purchase our goods.

Address,

H. H. LINNELL & CO.

Sacramento.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

H. H. LINNELL. may10-2m GEO. O. BATES.

PENDEGAST & CO.,

WOODLAND,

Wish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL.

mar15.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,

CORNER ABBY AND RAILROAD STREETS, WINTERS.

D. P. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

HAVING TAKEN POSSESSION OF THIS FAvorite Hotel, I am now prepared to offer to the resident and traveling public

FIRST CLASS BOARD,

Large and Well Furnished Rooms

By the Day or Week.

THE TABLE

Will at all times be supplied with the best the Market Affords.

L. P. EVERETT,

CIVIL ENGINEER AND COUNTY SURVEYOR OF YOLO COUNTY.

Office in Court House, Woodland.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

—THE—

WOODLAND STANDARD,

Published Every Saturday

AT WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

ONE YEAR,.....$2.00
Six Months,.....$1.00

NEW STORE.

HENRY CRANER

Has opened a new store in Winters, and intends to keep on hand a well selected stock of

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

MERCHANDISE, ETC.

Having bought my goods for cash, and my expenses being light, I shall sell goods as cheap as they can be bought in San Francisco, Sacramento, or Woodland.

I MEAN WHAT I SAY.

Give me a call when you want anything in my line and you will be convinced.

HENRY CRANER.

WOODLAND STANDARD.

Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday,

BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

One Year—in advance.....$2 00
Six Months.....1 00

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Charini's Royal Italian Circus to-day, two performances.

For School Books and Stationery, go to Greene's. **

Glenn has crawled ahead of White, and is second in the race for the Governorship.

C. W. Bush, Cashier of the Bank of Woodland, left this morning for a trip to the mountains.

Miss Kate Cross took the first prize, $75, in the Ladies' tournament at Sacramento on Wednesday last.

A communication from R. Clark has been misplaced, which is the reason it does not appear in this issue.

Lawyers and all others who have legal advertising to do will please take notice of our rates as published on our first page,

A mammoth stock of School Books always on hand at Elston's. *

Woodland has been almost depopulated this week on account of so many being in attendance at the State Fair.

A number of the members of the Advent Church leave next week for Healdsburg, Sonoma county, where their camp meeting is in progress.

DENTISTRY.—Wm. H. Robinson, D. D. S., will be in Winters from Sept. 14th to 20th. Persons wishing his services are requested to call the first of the week.

Maine has gone Republican as usual, and now the Radicals are whooping it up as a great victory. As well might the Democrats go into ecstacies over the result in Kentucky.

Country Schools furnished with supplies at lowest prices at Elston's Drug Store. *

It is generally conceded that Bruce Pendegast made the best run of any man in the County, when it is taken into consideration that he had greater odds to contend against than any other candidate.

The State Assessment Roll shows a falling off of $37,000,000 from last year. The State Board of Equalization have made their levy, fixing the ratio at 62½ cents on each $100. Last year it was 55 cents.

Sheriff Barney's horse "Tamarack," was distanced in the race at Sacramento on Thurrday last. The heat that shut him out was made in 2:18. "Tamarack" made it in 2:25¼, which is not a bad showing for a young horse.

We present this week another interesting letter from Major Jas. O'Farrell. James has proved himself a first-class correspondent, and we have heard his communications spoken of in very complimentary terms by many of our subscribers. We hope he will continue to wield the pen and give Californians a still further insight into the manners and customs of the Southern people.

School Books, both College and Public School, at St. Louis' Variety Store. *

Quite a number of singers met at Washington Hall on Monday evening last for rehersal for the Musical Festival to be given at the meeting of the Teachers' Institute. Although the number present was not large, the music was rendered in a style that showed the drilling received by the Handel & Haydn Society to have not been in vain. On Monday evening next there will be another rehearsal at the same place, and it is hoped that a goodly number will be in attendance.

Jewish Holidays,

The Jewish New-Year, Tish Yur, will occur on the 18th inst. and is the beginning of the year 5640 in the Jewish Calendar. Ten days after Tish Yur, on the 28th of the present month, occurs Yom Kippur, or the Day of Atonement. Both of these holy days begin soon after sunset, with the first appearance of the stars, and continue for twenty-four hours. The New Year, like all the Jewish holidays, is variable and is governed by the moon—the New-Year commencing on the first day of the 7th moon. On this day, as written by Moses to his followers, "Ye shall afflict yourselves, and do no work at all, whether it be one of your own country, or a stranger that sojourneth among you."

Ought to be Repealed.

A law that is a dead letter is worse than no law at all. When a law of the land is openly broken, and no attempt is made to enforce it by the proper authorities, but on the contrary those authorities are among the principal transgressors, it were better the law should be repealed and then there would be no transgression. There is in reality no difference in betting before the election or after it as far as the criminality is concerned, although the former is looked upon as a crime, and if done at all, is done in secret, while the latter is conducted openly and above board, by all classes. If the penalties attached to the transgression of the law can be enforced let them remain on the statute, but if they are to remain as a dead letter, as they now are, it is far better that they should be repealed.

This is for You

Ladies, who desire to dress well. The most stylish and perfect fitting costumes can be produced at a large saving in money by using the "Domestic" Paper Fashions. Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of price in postage stamps. Send stamp for catalogue to J. W. EVANS,
"Domestic" Fashion Parlors, San Francisco.

Rev. I. S. Kalloch has the credit of raising the celebrated horse, Rarus. That accounts for the horse being so fast.

Winters Items.

Your correspondent begs leave to say that our town shows decided steps of improvement in trade, and the cheerful countenances of our farmers gives evidence of a bright future. Wagons from the country continue to traverse our streets by the dozen, some loaded with country produce and others with wood from the mountains.

The election being over of course the hubbub of politics ceases, and the old grudges brought on by street discussions, are passing away.

The case of the People vs. Roberts, for assault and battery in the Roberts-Hyatt affair, will be tried on Saturday next before Judge Hulse.

On Wednesday last the engine hauling the gravel train blew out both cylinder heads, and was taken to Sacramento for repairs, another engine taking her place on Thursday morning.

Dr. Robinson, Dentist, will visit our town on his usual visits, the 14th inst. He is a popular dentist.

On Tuesday last a fearful north wind blew, bringing with it immense clouds of dust, rendering the day disagreeable in the extreme.

We are sorry to lose our esteemed friends and old citizens, H. M. Hord, and family, who have moved to their ranch, within four miles of Woodland.

An attempt is being made to establish a reading room and library in a hall at the Occidental Hotel—the hall being furnished by our esteemed fellow citizen, D. P. Edwards. A meeting is called for Saturday evening, at 4 P. M. A full attendance is requested.

Our Public School has opened with Mr. McArthur as principal, and Miss Johnson as first Assistant. The attendance is good.

Miss Barnes, of Dixon, has opened a private school.

Rev. Mr. Duke, of the Methodist Church, has returned with his family from the mountains, greatly improved in health.

Dr. Norwood, we are sorry to say, has been suffering with fever for two weeks past.

Mrs. Edward Austin returned to her friends in Pleasant Valley last week, where she died with consumption. S.

Election Returns.

The following is the vote of Yolo County for Governor, Member of Congress, and the county tickets:

GOVERNOR.	
Geo. C. Perkins	1,027
Wm F. White	332
H. J. Glenn	1,164
CONGRESSMAN.	
Berry, D.	1,205
McKenna, R.	1,169
JOINT SENATOR.	
Harlan, D.	1,399
Dudley, R.	1,065
ASSEMBLYMAN.	
Hershey, D.	945
Peek, R.	925
Day, N. C.	659
SUPERIOR JUDGE.	
Bush, D.	975
Sibley, R.	859
Johnson, N. C.	713
SHERIFF.	
Rahm, R.	939
Barney, N. C.	841
Lawson, D.	760
COUNTY CLERK.	
Smith, R.	1,072
Pendegast, D.	908
Murphy, N. C.	556
COUNTY TREASURER.	
Kean, D.	1,154
Rhodes, R.	775
Rhodes, N. C.	616
DISTRICT ATTORNEY.	
Garroutte, R.	1,112
Grant, D.	818
Clark, N. C.	610
COUNTY RECORDER.	
Holcom, R.	971
Megowan, N. C.	812
Maxwell, D.	759
ASSESSOR.	
Schlieman, R.	1,063
Klays, D.	829
Cronin, N. C.	648
SURVEYOR.	
Everett, D.	1,106
Brown, R.	945
Brown, N. C.	459
SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.	
Goin, D.	1,004
Ayers, R.	853
Martin, N. C.	682
CORONER.	
Krellenberg, D.	1,049
Pinkham, R.	853
Fifield, N. C.	608
PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.	
Tucker, R.	901
Monday, D.	813
St Louis, N. C.	779
Against Chinese Immigration	2240
For Chinese Immigration	11

Board of Supervisors.

MONDAY, September 8th, 1879.

Board met, present Supervisors Smith, Hester, Mering and Sims. Absent Supervisor Newton.

On petition, N. M. Elton was appointed Constable for Cache Creek township, vice John L. Pace, removed from township.

The petition of D. N Hershey and others, asking assistance to build a sewer through the land of Edwin Lefever on the Sacramento river—matter referred to Supervisor Hester.

Petition of Harms, Palm and others, asking for the construction of a wing dam on the Sacramento river, near the land of Harms and Palm—matter referred to Supervisor Hester, with instructions not to expend to exceed the sum of $600.

Lisbon Reclamation District warrants approved—No. 38, to John Bell, $39.60; No. 76, to John A. Azerado, $48.12; No. 95, to John Beller, $45.50.

Road Master of district No. 2 ordered to remove 80 rods of fence from the land of James McMahon.

Ordered that the Sheriff procure one dozen revolving chairs for the use of jurors.

Letter From Georgia.

ATHENS, GA., Sept. 1st, 1879.

EDITOR STANDARD:—Georgia lies within the Southern temperate zone and therefore has the very best climate. In the winter there is very little vigorous weather, there being no snow in most parts of the State for year after year. It is necessary to import or manufacture all the ice used. The summers are exceedingly pleasant, and sunstroke or diseases from heat are almost unknown. There is scarcely a day in the year in which the farmer cannot work with safety and comfort in his field. The healthfullness of the State is a matter of congratulation. Consumption is almost unknown. The drainage of the rice fields of the lower part of the State has done away with chills and fever. Thousands of invalids seek the pine-woods region for relief from pulmonary complaints, and the life-giving springs and mountains of North Georgia for renovation and rebuilding up of worn systems. Michigan with its high area, its purifying breezes, is considered one of the healthiest States in the Union. Recent statistics go to show that the population of Georgia and Michigan only differ by fifty souls, and the death rate is about the same in both States—both remarkably low.

The Commissioners of Agriculture for this State, some time since, invited all settlers of Northern birth who had settled in the State since the war to give their statements in writing as to the soil, climate, &c., of the State, and also if the State of Georgia protected them in their civil and political rights. In response to that invitation over five thousand answers were received at the Bureau, and all from men of Northern birth, and all of them expressed themselves as being highly pleased with the climate and the great capabilities of the State from an agricultural standpoint. In the matter of civil and political freedom the tenor of the letters were marked. They say in effect that they have "been met here with more kindness than they had any right to expect," that they "have never seen or heard of any shot-gun intimidation to either white or black"—that they have travelled, night and day, through all parts of the State, and never carried a pistol, and never needed one;" that they "sleep without locking their doors at night and feel that their lives and property are as safe in Georgia without locks as they would be in New York under lock and key;" that one of them "in ten years had seen only one fight and that between two Northern brothers," and all of the immense correspondence, from the different portions of the State, was of the same import. It would be impossible to get any other sort of testimony, unless it came from the partisan rascals who put politics above truth and sectional hate above decency. These statements, coming, as they do, from Northern men, and mostly Republicans, will go far toward convincing the people of the North that they have been wofully misled by their partisan newspapers, and by their politicians. If the people of the North would only come South and investigate for themselves, they would soon become convinced of the truth of the statements of these Northern emigrants to our State. It seems that the respectable journals of the North, the journals who are independent enough of party to desire national reconciliation and peace, and harmony between the States, might do Georgia and the whole country a service by giving their readers the truth as told by these men.

THE NEGRO EXODUS

Still rages, and the poor blacks are still as crazed as ever. The colored people of Georgia pay taxes on nine million of dollars, all made since 1866, and still they are not satisfied. But the negro is not to blame in this instance. In the upper portion of this State, some time since, a man by the name of Brown went around telling the negroes everywhere that on a specified day there would be a train at a certain point to carry them all to Kansas. He gave every negro a small piece of a flag on a stick to be stuck in the ground when they arrived in Kansas, which would give them a title to the land. For all this the negroes had to pay, and gave that scoundrel what money they had. The wretch was shrewd and his picture was so fanciful of life in Kansas, that the negroes became perfectly frenzied. On the appointed day a large crowd of blacks assembled at the given point to go off on the train. It is needless to say that the train did not arrive, and the negroes having sold their homes, cattle, poultry, &c., to pay their passage, are now stranded high and dry and thrown upon the charity of the people of the surrounding country. No hindrance will be placed upon the negroes leaving the South. The colored man can have his own way. If any negro is fool enough to be beguiled by the ravings of their false friends of the North, the Southern people say, let him go—is a good riddance of bad rubbish. The better class of Republicans do not countenance this negro crusade and the better class of blacks will never leave the Southern country.

EX-GOVERNOR WOODS, OF OREGON,

And others of the stalwart order who have made speeches for their party in the recent canvass in your State, I see have taken occasion to make the statement that in the "event of a Democratic success in 1880, the Southern members of that party will make a raid on the National Treasury in the shape of war claims" and intimating strongly that payment for the negro will be demanded in full. Gov. Woods and the other gentlemen are either grossly ignorant or have taken a very superficial view of the actual situation in the Southern States. It is a well known fact all over the South that the negro population belonged to about fifty thousand wealthy citizens and the laboring men of the South would never submit to the payment of claims which would practically make slaves of themselves and their progeny. The sentiments of the laboring classes at the South shape the policy of the Democratic party and hence it will be seen how ridiculous is the position and assertions of the distinguished stalwart ex-Governor and his friends. If further proof of this statement is wanted, it can be found in the success of the Independent movement in this and other Southern States. An actual antagonism already exists between the laboring classes on the one hand and the wealthy classes on the other, and the Independent movement proves it to every one not politically blind, and this antagonism has been brought about by questions of less importance than making slaves of themselves. The distinguished ex-Governor and his friends will please note the fact that the people of the South are not willing to barter away their liberties, and in the future campaigns of the Golden State, give the South and the Southern people justice. O'F.

NEW DEPARTURE.—Messrs. Vaughn & Tatterson of this city have taken the necessary preliminary steps to secure a patent on a new discovery in well boring. The thing is so exceedingly simple that it is a matter of astonishment the discovery was not made before. A screw point is merely attached to the end of a two-inch gas pipe, and the boring into the earth is on the same principle as that of a common screw being forced into soft wood without any borings being forced out. The screw is a little larger in diameter at the shoulder than the pipe, hence there is no pressure of earth against the pipe or any friction whatever, and therefore no resistance to the boring is experienced from that cause. These gentlemen are experimenting in a lot on Beaver street between Market and Washington street, and each turn of the pipe or rod sends the screw down half an inch. In six turns yesterday afternoon the screw went down four inches. By the application of Vaughn's well boring machinery to the new discovery, it is believed that twenty inches per minute can be be bored easily, and at that rate a well could be bored to a depth of a thousand feet a day.—[Stockton Independent.

MARRIED.

LUCAS-MAUPIN—September 9th, at the residence of James Stephenson, Georgetown, Sacramento County, by Prof. A. M. Elston, of Hesperian College, Dr. W. T. Lucas, of Woodland, and Miss Lulu Maupin, of Sacramento County.

We extend our hearty congratulations to the happy couple, and wish them as much happiness and prosperity as has ever been allotted to any one couple since the world began.

THOMAS & HUNT,

Buyers of and Dealers in

Grain and Wool.

OFFICE IN EXCELSIOR BLOCK,

Main Street,.....Woodland.

F. E. BAKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Practices in District and Supreme Courts. Office in Excelsior Block, WOODLAND, CAL.

ARE YOU GOING TO PAINT

YOUR BUILDINGS?

—THEN USE—

PURE PAINTS & OILS.

They do the cheapest work because they go further and last longer.

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON,

WOODLAND, CAL.,

Have just received a large stock of

PAINTS,
OILS,
VARNISHES,
BRUSHES
WINDOW GLASS,
ETC., ETC.

They will sell you FINE ARTICLES, as low as you can buy them in San Francisco or Sacramento. **They Guarantee all articles as represented.** They buy largely from the best manufacturers and sell low for cash. Do not be deceived by interested parties who may try to influence you to trade away from home, but patronize your own county when you can do as well or better. This you can find to be the truth upon examination of our goods and prices.

CARRIAGE PAINTERS

In adjoining towns will do well to give us a call, as we keep a full line of their goods in stock.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON,

Druggists, One door west of Express Office, Main Street, Woodland, Cal

I. A. BUTZ,

Merchant Tailor.

Opposite Craft Hotel,

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THE WOODLAND STANDARD.

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DWIGHT L. HACKETT, - Proprietor.

The Lightning-rod Man.

A melancholy farmer hoi,
With his old gun crammed full of shot,
Was sitting by his melon lot .

Three weeks he had his vigil kept,
Tasted no food or even slept,
Yet all the time the bad boys crept

Among his melons, where they ate
Enough to kill ten men, but fate
Decrees that small boys stuffed di-late.

This maddened the farmer nigh insane,
Thus watched and prayed, but all in vain,
The boys preyed, too, and none were slain.

Just at this awful time there trod
Up to the farmer with a nod,
An agent for a lightning-rod.

"Good-morning, sir," he sweetly spake,
"My lightning-rod you'd better take;
They are the best; just let me make——"

"Oh, spare your rods," the farmer said,
And aimed the gun straight at his head,
He shot the agent—not quite dead.

The bullets flattened at his feet,
He picked one up, and, smiling sweet,
Presented it; he ne'er was beat.

"Now, farmer!" said he, oh, so sleek,
"Just buy a rod; then you may wreak
Your vengeance on the other cheek!"

The New Soprano.

BY PEM SHIRLEY.

"Try that chair by the fire, Steve, and comfort your soles on the mantel while I unearth a pair of slippers for you. I've a small mound of them in the closet, built up of the individual gifts of 'grateful pupils.'"

"A cruel waste! You should be a centipede, Hal, instead of that forlorn biped, a bachelor. By the way, speaking of single-blessedness, how it must harrow you, my boy, to witness diurnally the bliss of the bride and bridegroom who sit opposite you here at the table! Favor them with Lamb's 'Complaint against married People,' will you? and send me the bill."

"Bride and bridegroom? Well, that is rich! Have a cigar, deluded youth, while I enlighten you concerning this mellifluous couple. Did you mark the gentleman particularly? You can't take him in at a glance; there's too much of him, Goodwin, his name is—Timothy Goodwin: 'Good Timothy' his friends dub him, and the title applies.

"He sat next to me at the table when I first came to Mrs. Tewksbury's, five years ago, and from the outset he showed a fatherly interest in me—an interest which this quaking stripling of an organist appreciated, I can assure you. Being one of the pillars of St. Luke's—the church I play at, you remember—and an esteemed musical critic withal, his hearty approval of me as a performer was an immense advantage to me.

"You'd hardly suppose such a quiet, imperturbable earthling as he looks to be would rhapsodize over music, would you? It was a surprise to me to find how deeply it moved him. He soon fell into the habit of dropping into my room after tea when he heard me at the piano; and many a time I've caught the great, strong fellow mopping his eyes surreptitiously over affecting passages.

"As I came to know him intimately, and to feel what a staunch, tender-hearted, domestic sort of an individual he was, I began to wonder he had never married. One day I asked him in a joking way how a rich man like himself could reconcile it with his conscience to remain a bachelor in America, where there was such a preponderance of unmarried ladies to be supported. He made a wry face, and said he had assumed the maintenance of two spinster step-cousins: wasn't that his part?

"'Or, if you think it isn't, Hal, I'll tell you what I'll do,' he added laughing. 'You marry yourself, and I'll support your wife. Won't that be fair?'

"'Hardly fair for the lady,' I remarked, adding that I should pity the luckless unknown who should fail to secure him as her Benedict. The idea seemed to amuse him immensely.

"'You kindly insinuate that it would be a benevolence in me to take a wife,' said he, with a twinkle in his eye. 'Now, I protest I'm not conceited enough to think that. On the contrary, if a woman should consent to give herself to me, I should consider the benevolence all on her side. Can't say I crave such a charity just at present, though,' he added, in comic haste, stretching his long arms as if to waive the bequest. 'The fact is, Hal, I've never seen the girl I want. Being hard upon forty, it stands to reason I never shall see her; I fear she died young. May I trouble you to play Beethoven's Funeral March in respect to her memory.'

"And so the subject dropped. Timothy was no woman-hater you understand; indeed, he admired the whole sex, but in a collective way, as you might the galaxy, without preferring any individual star. Young ladies were to him nebulous and mysterious creations, to be reverenced from a distance; he never lavished upon one of them a tithe of the attentions he lavished upon me. I had terrible headaches in those days, and I shall never forget how patiently he would sit and make passes over my head till the pain yielded to his touch, as it was sure to do sooner or later. He had more magnetism than any other man I knew. Detesting a dress-coat and white kids as he detested the machinations of the evil one, he seldom went into society, but he was always ready for lectures and concerts, marching off to the hall with me on his arm as proudly as if I had been the most bewitching damsel. Excepting on Saturday, when I was usually engaged at the choir rehearsal, we were rarely separated of an evening.

"We had gone on in this David-and-Jonathan style perhaps a year, when Miss Sparrow came to St. Luke's as soprano singer. I remember her first appearance in our dim old gallery that last Sunday in Lent—how she seemed to brighten and glorify the place like a ray of sunshine from heaven. And then her voice! It set you to thinking of angels. Moreover, she had the complexion peculiar to that family, and the blue eyes and golden hair. For the life of me, I couldn't help twisting my neck to gaze at her, at the imminet risk of spoiling my fine accompaniment.

"That noon Timothy electrified me by appearing in the organ-loft while it still echoed with the benediction, though heretofore he had invariably waited for me after service in the vestibule. I happened just then to be congratulating the new soprano on being in such capital voice that morning, and as the tenor stepped across to shake hands with Timothy, I went on talking with her till she left. When I turned the singers were gone, and there stood my poor David, frowning at a music-rest so savagely that I fancied he must be suffering from a headache, and expressed my sympathy.

"'Headache? I haven't a headache, he growled, stalking down-stairs in advance.

"I thought he needn't have felt so enraged if he hadn't, and walked on in dumb dignity. Presently he observed testily that when he honored me with a call in my citadel, it might be polite in me to introduce him to my friends.

"'Why,' said I, 'I thought you knew the members of the choir—all, at least, but the soprano.'

"'Well, she's somebody, I suppose.'

"'I beg your pardon, Timothy,' I cried, amazed. 'It didn't occur to me you'd care to become acquainted with her. I didn't present you because I fancied you'd consider the introduction a bore.'

"'You're sure of that, Hal?' he asked, with a sort of fierce eagerness. 'You haven't any personal motive for not wishing to extend Miss Sparrow's circle of gentlemen friends?'

"I burst out laughing at the absurdity of the idea. It was but a week remember, since my own introduction to the young lady.

"Timothy drew a long breath, and straightway spent it in questions concerning her:—

"Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?

"I told him all I knew. Her father lived on State street; her mother lived in heaven; sisters she had none, but of little brothers something less than a score, who dogged her steps as persistently as the bass follows the air. To escort her home from rehearsal was to lead the van of an infant squadron, a running accompaniment which the night before had disturbed my mental harmony.

"For, though I did not feel it necessary to enlarge on this point to Timothy, I had conceived a prodigious fancy myself for the sweet little soprano, and should have been glad to learn more of her and less of her fraternal blessings. I afterward discovered why she surrounded herself with these as with a garment. It was from pure compassion for her father. He was a nervous invalid, and the proximity of those boys distracted him. Of course it did; I could enter into the old gentleman's feelings perfectly. It distracted me too. Don't smile, my dear fellow. The prancing young ubiquities were well enough in their way, I'll admit. I only objected to having them in mine.

"All that week my dear Timothy seemed strangely pre-occupied and erratic, capping the climax Saturday evening by fidgeting into my room in his next day's clothes to announce in a shame-faced fashion that, by the way, he believed he'd look in with me that night at rehearsal, if agreeable.

"It was not agreeable; it was decidedly otherwise, for it upset a deep-laid scheme of mine. As fate would have it, by means of sundry extra rehearsals for Easter, I had made great progress in my acquaintance with Miss Sparrow during the last few days, and but for Timothy I should have called upon her that evening with a gift of a new ballad; and so, maybe, have had the pleasure of escorting her to St. Luke's, to the routing of the manifold brotherkins.

"Well, I could only toss the roll of music under the sofa as gently as masculine depravity would permit, and conduct my music-greedy friend to the choir-meeting, ostensibly to listen to the chants, though I knew, and he knew, that he had always heretofore objected to hearing them practised.

"Of course I presented him in due form to Miss Sparrow, when she arrived. He bowed a like worshipping devotee, and as she moved to her place by the contralto, sat down with an exalted expression, upon his hat, to the audible amusement of the youthful Sparrows perched on the gallery steps. I glanced at him again during the first soprano solo, and saw him in the same position, his eyes fixed on the singer. Rehearsal over, he coolly walked up to her to proffer his escort.

"I verily believe she was too startled to decline it. She accepted his arm with a look of blank amazement, and the two set off together through the April slosh, followed by the inevitable juvenile guard. Judging from the bespattered condition of Timothy's overcoat that night, the younglings danced about him like frisky satyrs all the way; but he wore the face of one who has walked with angels far above this mud ball.

"This indifference to his broadcloth struck me at the time as peculiar; for he has such a constitutional horror of dirt that he really keeps up his muscle by the use of the clothes-brush; still, though I afterward saw him spread his Sunday beans with mustard, and his day bacon with oil, it was not till late on the latter evening that I came to a just appreciation of his abnormal state. Without rapping, he bolted into my room in great agitation.

"'For the love of mercy, Hal, tell me what to do!' he cried, upsetting the piano-stool without perceiving it. 'You're younger than I, and understand the nature of women better.'

"I did, did I? Well, I agreed with him on hearing his story.

"He had just returned from Miss Sparrow's. The young lady hadn't invited him to call; she didn't receive calls now, in fact, on account of her father's rapidly increasing illness, though Timothy was not aware of this. I dare say she thought he had come at my request with the new anthem I had promised to send, and she ran down to the parlor at once, not even stopping to put down the vial of medicine she happened to have in her hand.

"'Good evening, Mr. Goodwin,' said she—nothing more nor less; and then she stood quietly awaiting his message, very pale and interesting, I've no doubt, from grief and watching.

"I know Timothy's great warm heart swelled with compassion for the afflicted young thing, but even to express his sympathy he would not touch so much as the hem of her garment till she gave him the right, much less would he take her hand.

"'I'm afraid you're hardly prepared for what I'm about to say, Miss Sparrow,' he began, pacing the room, and probably hurling the words at her as pebbles from a sling. 'I'm aware it isn't customary for a man to declare himself on so short an acquaintance, but I'm a plain, straightforward fellow, desperately in earnest.'

"Fancy the little soprano's wonderment. I seem now to see her baby blue eyes opening each moment wider and wider.

"'Till now I never met any woman whom I wanted to marry,' Timothy went on, 'and I am forty years old. When at middle age love comes for the first time to men of my temperament, it is no milk-and-water sentiment, Miss Sparrow. I feel that I could give my life to make you happy. Will you be my wife?'

"'You don't mean to say you charged upon the poor girl in that merciless way?' I broke in, cutting short his narrative.

"He looked aggrieved and sorely puzzled. What had he done amiss? Hadn't he acted the part of a gentleman in avowing his feelings? Wasn't it more honorable to tell her his intentions openly than it would have been to try to steal her affections unawares?

"'But how did Miss Sparrow take it?'

"'That's what troubles me,' said my wretched friend. 'She seemed offended, and would have run away if I had not put my hand on the door and begged her to hear me through. I assured her I would not press her for an immediate answer, but she only burst out crying, declaring I had no right to say such things to her; she would tell her father. As if I should object to his being told! Indeed, I should have spoken to him myself on the subject this morning, had not Dr. Pillsbury said he was too ill to see strangers. I tried to explain this to Miss Sparrow. I implored her to tell me how I had vexed her, but she broke away from me and rushed out of the room. I cannot understand her conduct. I might have known that such a bright young girl couldn't fancy an old fossil such as I, but I am not so bad a fellow, Hal, that she need feel insulted by my love. I would have gone barefooted over burning coals sooner than have wounded her as I have done.'

"And so on, and so on, till the cock crew. I ventured a second time to hint that he had merely been too precipitate in his wooing, but he shook his head incredulously, and finally went away as mystified as he came.

"At our next meeting the little soprano asked me in a shy, conscious way if my friend was quite well. Had I ever fancied his brain affected? I might have answered with a simple negative. I shall always think a little better of myself, Steve, because then and there, in the full bewitchment of Miss Sparrow's presence, I had manliness enough to speak a good word for Timothy—to tell her that, spite of some eccentricities, he had the finest brain, as well as the warmest heart, of any man of my acquaintance.

"I did not see her again for months, as she withdrew from the choir to devote herself exclusively to her father, whose sufferings were becoming daily more intense. These were not so much from actual pain, as from extreme nervousness that opiates failed to relieve. Dr. Pillsbury often spoke of the case—the doctor who boarded here then—and one day he appealed to Timothy to go with him and try his magnetic power upon the patient.

"A queer look came over Timothy's face, but he went at once, and was able to soothe the sick man simply by the laying on of hands. After this, while Mr. Sparrow lived, he went often, and comforted him greatly in his last hours, not only by his mesmeric influence, but indirectly by keeping those boys out of the way. The money he spent at that time in taking the lads to panoramas and menageries would have constituted him life member of a missionary society.

"You can see the natural result. Having proved a blessed narcotic to the dying father, Timothy ceased to be an irritant to the daughter. An irritant? Timothy couldn't irritate her, and she could not irritate Timothy. I have studied them curiously the three years of their married life only to arrive at this conviction. And you took them for bride and groom? No wonder! since they still feast with unabated relish on connubial sweets. Ah, well! such diet is not for me, my boy; I thrive upon sour grapes."

In the belfry of the Episcopal church at Elliottsville, N. Y., there is a bell which was cast in Moscow in 1708, and was one of a chime for the cathedral which was burned during Napoleon's Russian campaign. Along with other metal this bell was brought to New York by a sea captain, as ballast for his vessel. Eventually it was carried to Troy, and became the property of a well known bell founder of that city. It was there discovered by a member of the Elliottsville parish, who purchased and gave it to the church. Its condition is sound and its tone still good.

Jakutsk, East Siberia, is supposed to be the coldest of towns. From November to February the thermometer ranges from 42 degrees to 68 degrees below zero, and the neighboring river is solid ice for nine months of the year. Yet it is a place of considerable business.

An Eccentric Clergyman.

Mr. Hawker, the rector of Morwenstow, a quaint village on the Cornwall coast, was a grotesque man, but devoted Christian minister. His childhood was full of pranks, one of which is thus told:

At full moon in the July of 1825 or 1826, he swam or rode out to a rock at some little distance from the shore, pleated seaweed into a wig, which he threw over his head, so that it hung in lank steamers down his back, enveloped his legs in an oilskin wrap, and otherwise naked, sat on the rock, flashing the moonbeams about from a hand mirror, and sang and screamed until attention was arrested.

Some people passing along the cliff heard and saw him, and ran into Bude, saying that a mermaid with a fish's tail was sitting on a rock, combing her hair and singing.

A number of people ran out on the rocks and along the beach, and listened, awe-struck, to the singing and disconsolate wailing of the mermaid. Presently she dived off the rocks and disappeared.

This performance was repeated for several nights, to the great mystification of the town.

When he became the rector of the ancient church where he preached forty years, he showed off his eccentricities in such ways as the following anecdote delineates:

The untidy condition of the church affected one of his curates, a man of a somewhat domineering character.

One day he swept up all the rubbish he could find in the church, old decorations of the previous Christmas, decayed southernwood, and roses of the foregoing midsummer festivity, scraps of old Bibles, prayer books, and manuscript scraps of poetry, match ends, candle ends, etc.

Having filled a barrow with all these sundries, he wheeled it down to the vicarage door, rang the bell, and asked for Mr. Hawker. The vicar came into the porch.

"This is the rubbish I have found in your church."

"Not all," said Mr. Hawker. "Complete the pile by seating yourself on top, and I will see to the whole being cared for speedily."

Names of Countries.

Europe signifies a country of white complexion; so named because the inhabitants were of a lighter complexion than those of Asia and Africa.

Asia signified between, or in the middle, from the fact that the geographers placed it between Europe and Africa.

Africa signifies a land of corn or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn and all sorts of grain.

Siberia signifies thirsty or dry—very appropriate.

Spain a country of rabbits or conies. It was once so infested with these animals that it sued Augustus for an army te destroy them.

Italy a country of pitch, from its yielding great quantities of black pitch. Calabria, also, for the same reason.

Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired, as yellow hair characterized its inhabitants.

The English for Caledonia is a high hill. This was a rugged or mountainous province of Scotland.

Hibernia is utmost or last habitation, for beyond this the western Phœnicians never extended their voyages.

Britain, the country of tin, great quantities being found on it and adjacent islands. The Greeks call it Albion, which signifies, in the Phœnician tongue, either white or high mountain, from the whiteness of its shores or the high rocks on the western coast.

Corsica, a woody place.

Sardinia signifies the footsteps of men, which it resembles.

Syracuse, bad flavor, so called from the unwholesome marsh on which it stood.

Rhodes, serpents or dragons, which it produced in abundance.

Sicily, the country of grapes.

Scylla, the whirlpool of destruction.

Etna signifies a furnace, or dark or smoky.

The Pope is understood to favor another pilgrimage to Rome from all parts of the world, and the contributions of the faithful will be thankfully received.

Always best when rare—family broils.

Who Has Not Been Bilious?

Probably no one. Doubtless we have all suffered to some extent the disagreeable sensations which a disordered or languid liver can inflict. Sallowness of the skin, constipation, nausea, vertigo, soreness in the vicinity of the organ affected, a sensation as of congestion in the head, positive headache, a loss of appetite, extreme thirst, a high color of the urine, are among the symptoms which announce a perversion or vitiation of the bile. The remedy of remedies for the above is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, administered by medical men; pronounced pure and wholesome by them, and popular as a comprehensive family medicine, and as a specific preventive and remedy for chills and fever and bilious remittents throughout America, and to a wide extent in foreign countries. Disorders in the stomach and bowels, as well as liver, are speedily remediable with this popular and time-honored medicine.

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Mr. Wilcox is not only making the best pump upon this coast, but he has decided to reduce the price to suit the depressed condition of the times, and is selling at a reduction of 15 per cent upon his price list. Send for circular to 417 Mission St. S. F.

Business and Pleasure.

Some people hoard money with the purpose of making their homes neat and elegant in the remote future. Those who visited the Mechanics' Fair recently held in San Francisco, and saw the taste and elegance of Geo. W. Clark's display of wall-papers, curtains, and other goods in his line of business, will desire to decorate their homes at once. A small amount of money will go further in his line of goods than in anything else. Mr. Clark is one of those business men who will charge a fair price and no more under any circumstances, no matter whether the buyer is present or resides a thousand miles away.

A Healthy System

Is the only sure promoter of happiness. People with a diseased liver are always miserable and make others unhappy about them by their gloomy moods. Blood-shot eyes and an aching head are always indications of such derangements of the liver. Ask your druggist for a bottle of Turner's Regulator and take this medicine from time to time, and you will thank the man who placed the article within your reach.

A SLIGHT HINT.—Aunt Tabitha—"Tell your mamma, Rosie, I said you were a very good girl for bringing the letter round so carefully." Rosie—"Yes, Aunt Tabitha; and I'll tell her I didn't ask you for a shilling, because she told me not to, Aunt Tabitha."—*Fun.*

A Cross Baby.

Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby All cross and crying babies need only Hop Bitters to make them well and smiling. Young man, remember this.—*Ed. Union.*

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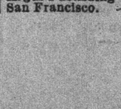

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Wit and Humor.

Diamonds, it is said, attract the lightning. This explains why so many men were twenty five cent cameo rings.—[N. Y. Express.

The name "eagle" was a happy designation for our gold coin, considering that riches are prone to take unto themselves wings and fly away.

By the sweet aroma that exhales from handkerchiefs during Sabbath morning services, one is reminded that there are many musk-ular Christians.

A French newspaper, the other day, had the following heading in its police intelligence: "Suicide of two persons; statement of the one that survived."

Ambiguous: "Oh, look, Louis! Fred just sent me this sweet little puppy. Wasn't he kind?" "Yes, dear, but its just like him."—[St. Louis Times-Journal.

Major Penn is holding revivals in Texas. The pen is mightier than the sword, and now we shall see if it is not a match for the bowie-knife and pistol. —[Boston Transcript.

Pious old lady; "Just think, Rose, only five missionaries to 20,000 cannibals!" Kind-hearted niece: "Goodness! the poor cannibals will starve to death at that rate."—[Punch.

A French widow is bewailing the recent loss of her husband. "I have at least one consolation," she sobs out, drying her tears: "I know where he spends his nights now."

A clairvoyant at Lynn told a woman that her husband was not true to her, and the wife choked her until she was laid up for three weeks. It happened that the husband was dead.

Several notably happy marriages have been made on two hours' courtship, but it is a pretty safe rule to know the girl for at least three days and a pic-nic.—[Detroit Free Press.

"I hear your husband has lost his hearing," whispered one lady to another. "Yes," was the muffled reply; but don't whisper so loud; he doesn't like to hear the subject referred to."

A Good Definition.—A girl who has been very observant of her parents' mode of exhibiting charity, when asked what generosity was, replied: "It is giving to the poor all the old stuff you don't want yourself."

"That is what I call a finished sermon," said a lady to her husband, as they wended their way from church.

"Yes," was the reply with a yawn, "but you know, I thought it never would be."

A reader writes to us saying: "Why may not I, a fat person, who cannot get close to the table, tuck my napkin between my throat and my collar, so that it may protect my vest while I am eating?" We refer the matter to Secretary Evarts.

The tramp does not walk up to your barn and say, "Could you give me an hour's work?" He taps lightly on the parlor door and says, between his lisps, "Will breakfast be on the table in a few minutes? and put four lumps of sugar in my coffee."

Young Gillipod to friend: "It is awdeuced uncomforting, you know, to think that, perhaps, my-aw-wival for the hand of that charming cweature, Miss Dashington, is her father's awbeastly coachman, you know."—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

Numerous.—X. Bohemian, crouched before an empty bear-glass, murmurs to himself with conviction:

"Poor Zulus!"

"What do you say?" asks a comrade, shaking him by the shoulder.

"I say," he says, raising his head, "that if an English general could get hold of as many soldiers as I have creditors—poor Zulus, that's all!"

Wanted Practice.—A physician, having a duel on his hands, requested two of his friends to arrange witn his adversary the hour of their meeting.

"Make it to-morrow," he says, "but not in the forenoon, because I must must visit four patients before going to the ground."

"I see," murmurs one of the seconds; "he wants to get his hand in."

The story is told that Longfellow and Fields were making a short pedestrian tour some few years ago, when, to their surprise, an angry bull stood in the pathway, evidently intending to demolish both poet and publisher. "I think," said Fields, "that it will be prudent to give this reviewer a wide margin." "Yes," replied the poet; "it appears to be a disputed passage."

The Benefits of Age.—Two ladies with children are talking in the gardens of the Tuilleries.

Little Billy leaves his companions and addresses his mamma's friend:

"Say, Madame, will you take me walking with you?"

"With pleasure, my child; but why do you want me to?"

"'Cause you could show me so many streets and things and tell me about them. Mamma says you are so much older than she is!"

"On one occasion when Phœbe Cary was at the museum in New York, looking about at the curiosities," says Mr. Barnum, "I preceded her, and had passed down a couple of steps. She, intently watching a big anaconda in a case at the top of the stairs, walked off (not noticing them) and fell. I was just in time to catch her in my arms and save her from a dangerous fall. 'I am more lucky than the first woman was, who fell through the influence of the serpent,' remarked Phœbe, as she recovered herself."

Immigration into the United States for the year ending July 31, 1878, was only 74,139. For the year ending July 31, 1879, it was 103,245. The short crops and hard times which afflict Europe this year, and the immense surplus of cheap food, and the vast new territories in process of development, will give an impulse to immigration such as we have not before seen, unless some causes not now manifest shall come in to influence the result. Even the Greenland Norsemen are on the move. There is no climate in the other hemisphere which the native can not find, with improvement, in North America.

How We Talk.

Let a man go to "Congress" as we say, and he will soon find that he is amid a variety of dialects. The House of Representatives assembles its members from every portion of the Union, and, although many of the members are sufficiently educated and traveled to have shed many of their peculiarities of speech, there will still be found abundant opportunity to study our dialects. Many will betray their "native," as Kentuckians term it, at the first opening of their lips. It may only be a cry of "Order!" or it may only be an address to the chair. "Mr. Speaker," or it may only be an allusion to "the gentleman from New York," or "the gentleman from Virginia"—it is enough. In a casual looking-in on the Senate, I have heard as characteristic New Englandisms as are to be found in "Sam Slick," and as choice specimens of Tennessee eloquence as are to be found reported in the pages of "Davy Crocket." Some years ago it was said that Mr. Chambers, Pennsylvania, was so vexed at the pronunciation given his name by the Clerk of the House that he at length refused to answer it. The clerk was a Virginian, and persisted in calling "Jeems Chawmbers! Jeems Chawmbers!"

A more important variety of our speech is that which is of Scotch-Irish origin. The dialect of Pennsylvania is mainly Scotch-Irish. This is the more remarkable when we remember that the settlers of Pennsylvania were largely of the class of English Quakers and that subsequently the Germans have come in almost overwhelming force. From Eastern Pennsylvania the Scotch-Irish spread abroad, going up the Cumberland Valley into Virginia, and crossing the Alleghanies both in Pennsylvania and Virginia. Their dialect is broadly defined, both against the people of New York on the north and the people of Old Virginia on the south and west. No one at all acquainted with the Scotch-Irish dialect would be at a loss to identify the main peculiarities of speech exhibited in all the region indicated. The Pennsylvanian says "strenth" and "lenth" for strength and length. He says "cannle" and "hannle" and "bunnle" for candle and handle and bundle. He says "I want out" and "I want down" for "I want to get out" and "I want to get down." He says he will wait on you when he says he will wait "for you." If a person has had a slight sickness, and has speedily gotten over it, the Pennsylvanian will say of him that "he took sick," but it was only a "brash," and he soon got "quite better." The Pennsylvanian often uses "nor" for than, after a comparative adjective. One thing is "more nor another," or "better nor another." So "till" is often substituted for "to," in the Pennsylvania dialect. A boy comes till the school-house. The word "into" is much used for "in" in Pennsylvania. A horse will be said to have a white spot into his forehead, or a field to have a fine spring of water into it. The Pennsylvanians use the word "whenever" to signify as soon as. Thus it will be said, "whenever the carriage came, the lady got in." In Pennsylvania they "lift a collection," and "take up a church," and ride to town "in a machine," with a "horse beast" drawing the machine. Moreover, if the horse is a lively animal, what some call "skittish," he will be called in Pennsylvania "a wild beast." Now, all these peculiarities are evidently of Scotch-Irish origin, and by means of them, and others like them, we can trace in our country the movements of the influence of this element of population. * * * In all the South conversation is more cultivated among educated people than at the North. It is a noteworthy fact that conversation, considered as an accomplishment, scarcely exists at all in our Northern States. Scarcely one educated person in a hundred is a skillful and practical talker in general society. This is all the more remarkable when we remember that the whole nation is given to public talking. Let almost any man who in a parlor is wholly quiet, or who speaks only in an awkward or embarrassed way, once mount a stump, and he will harangue a crowd by the hour. But at the South almost every educated person of either sex will converse in a mixed company with freedom, tact and intelligence. Conversation is cultivated. There is an ambition to excel in it. From this, no doubt, in part, it has come to pass that pronunciation at the South is more old-fashioned than at the North. Conversation at the South has given the law to pronunciation, while at the North we have followed books and have changed the pronunciation to suit the spelling. Thus at the South it is common, if not universal, to hear clerk pronounced clark, and James Jeems, and keer for care, and skeer for scare, rigimint and siminary for regiment and seminary. And not only do old-fashioned pronunciations prevail at the South, but also old-fashioned phrases and expressions.

A young man attaining his majority becomes "one-and-twenty" instead of "twenty-one." Instead of dining with a friend, or taking tea, they eat "a meal's victuals" with him.—*Appleton's Journal.*

There has lately been a great deal of discussion on the relative merits of canoes, and so the canoe race at the Lake George regatta last week was looked forward to with a great deal of interest by all concerned, as it would practically settle the points in dispute. The result astounded the elegant New Yorkers. Rev. C. A. Cressy, in a "dug-out" of his own manufacture, distanced all the fancy canoes on the ground, or on the water rather. Cressy's canoe defied all rules of correct canoe construction, and yet a preacher in it defeated the athletes with their fancy canoes having all the modern improvements. Thus we are back to first principles again. The old Indian dug-out is to-day the champion canoe of America. We join the press of this country in wishing Mr. Cressy much joy—that is to say—canoebial happiness.—*Detroit Press.*

Men trust rather to their eyes than their ears; the effect of precepts is therefore slow and tedious, while that of example is summary and effectual.

Queen Victoria's Affable Ways.

One naturally cannot help making inquiries about the Queen when staying in the neighborhood. It is a neighborhood in which she goes about in a more free and spontaneous way than anywhere else. She could hardly go about at Windsor and Osborne as she does at Balmoral. The Queen is always dressed in a very plain and quiet fashion, which is itself a rebuke to the extravagant "dressiness" of the present day. She will enter very humble shops in order to make very small purchases. These purchases are mainly intended as gifts to the poor, chiefly the poor in her own service. She selects the articles, but never asks the price. The prices charged are exactly the same as to anyone else. Besides this, the Queen regularly visits the houses of the cottagers. Some touching instances of this are given in the Highland Journal. "Really," she naively remarks, "the affection of these good people, who are so very hearty and so happy to see you, taking interest in everything, is so very touching and interesting." I heard a very pleasing anecdote of the Queen one day on the coach-top as I went from Braemar to Blairgowrie. We passed a house which had belonged to a deceased general officer, a baronet, who had seen good service in the Napoleonic wars. He had built a house, an exact representation of Logwood, where Napoleon died. On a mound close by the gate he had erected a stand where waved flags commemorative of all the different battles in which he had been engaged, and in the center of the flag of Waterloo. The Queen passed by, and amid all the details of her triumphant progress she omitted to notice this peculiar array of flags. The old General was sorely hurt by this omission and bemoaned it greatly. He, however, had friends at court, and one of them ventured to speak to her Majesty on the subject. The Queen, in the most prompt and gracious way, was anxious to gratify the old soldier and relieve his mind. When she was next about to pass that road she caused an intimation to be given to him that the flags should be displayed as before, and that then he should fall into her cavalcade and ride before her as one of her body-guard to Balmoral.—*London Spectator.*

Elevators.

Now that buildings are getting so tall, climbing stairs becomes more and more laborious, and the easy elevator more and more welcome. Yet most people have an uneasy consciousness that at any moment the elevator may "take a tumble" and descend into the cellar, to the great shaking up of the passenger. A Chicago inventor thinks he can make the fall of an elevator an easy and rather pleasant experience to the passenger. This is how he does it: The bottom of the elevator passage is made an air-tank, and so arranged that a falling elevator cab compresses the air, gently but completely arresting the violence of the fall. At a trial made with the Chamber of Commerce elevator, 5,000 pounds of pig iron being placed on the floor of the cab, which weighs two tons, the eggs and glass globes placed on the floor with the iron were unbroken. The men came down at another trial, one with a basketful of eggs and wine-glasses and one with a brimming glass of water; nothing was broken and but little of the water was spilled, and the passengers described the sensation as being like jumping into a haymow. The rush of air caused by the falling elevator made an appalling noise but did no harm. Such secure alacrity in sinking has never before been heard of.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Luxuries and Necessities.—A table of wages and the cost of living, with the price of staple articles of commerce, going back as far as the year 1200, has been published recently. It shows that wages during the thirteenth century were about fifty cents a week. In the next century they advanced somo fifteen cents, and continued to advance slowly until in the last century, they reached a dollar and eighty-seven cents. The average for farm labor at present is three dollars and eighty cents per week. Wheat in the thirteenth century averaged seventy-one cents, or eight and a half days' labor, a bushel. Now, wheat is worth at wholesale, about a dollar and forty cents a bushel, or two and a half days' labor. In six centuries meat has nearly trebled in price, but wages have increased more than seven-fold. Thus it will be perceived that the improvement in pay for labor, while it may better the laborer's condition, does not tend to increase his contentment. Subsistence is surely easier than of old, though the laborer is not satisfied to live as his ancestors lived. It is with him as it is with all of us—his desires have augmented more rapidly than the means to gratify them. Our wants are innumerable, and, to a large extent, artificial. Luxuries, as they were once considered, have grown to be necessities. We think sometimes that we can dispense with necessities, but luxuries are essential, not only to our contentment, but to any tolerable degree of well-being.

Strawberries, says the *Country Gentleman*, require copious watering during the bearing period. Begin at the time the fruit sets, and soak the ground thoroughly—six inches or more if there is a drouth, making sure the ground is moist as far as the roots extend. Do not water merely the hill, but well around it—all the better if the entire surface is flooded, as the roots form a continuous network. Frequent stirring the soil between the hills will, in a measure, answer for watering.

Stern Justice.—In Russia, a servant girl lately brought suit against her mistress for defamation of character. The presiding judge was the latter's husband, and he condemned his wife to pay fifty silver roubles.

A bishop asked a little child, "My little friend, tell me where God is, and I will give you an orange?" "My lord," replied the child, "tell me where he is not, and I will give you two."

Virtue never grows old.

Sheep Husbandry.

I will give you a history of two flocks that I have had a little experience with since the first of October. In the first place no man need think he can move sheep from the older States into this new country on to the wild feed, and have them do well without giving them something to regulate the system, generally. About the first of October, A. R. Heath of Marion, Indiana, solicited my aid and assistance to prescribe, look after and assist him in disposing of a flock of sheep that were driven in May last from Michigan. I found them in a very thin condition, showing all symptoms of the disease commonly called stretches, running at the nose, etc. Prairie grass killed by frost had dried up. About seventy were already dead and missing, and many more looking as if they would soon be among those that were not. About four weeks' time placed them in other hands. Two of my neighbors have one-half of the flock. One has not lost a sheep; the other reports the loss of two. The other half reported doing well, with none dead.

About the time these were disposed of an old acquaintance from Michigan who had imported a flock from Wisconsin of 1,500 very fine, Spanish Merino ewes, applied for assistance. I being here alone waiting for the arrival of my family, I agreed to go look after the flock. I found them in so poor condition that I felt unwilling to pay any further attention to them; could give no encouragement of success, from the fact that we had nothing but prairie hay and corn to feed. Could we have had good clover hay I should have had some hopes; but concluded to make the effort, the owner saying that anything that I wanted that was within the bounds of reason, should be supplied. The first and only article outside of corn, hay and water that was used, was fifty pounds each of copperas, resin, sulphur, and twenty-five pounds of saltpetre, thoroughly pulverized; then mixed this medicine with salt about one-eighth part to seven of salt allowing the sheep free access to the mixture. This is a sure remedy as well as a preventive for the stretches in sheep. I have used it for the last thirty years with success. The above mentioned flock of sheep can be seen in this county, in a very fine condition, considering the situation they were in the first of November. There is a great deal of trouble in starting a flock of poor sheep to thriving and preventing their losing wool. If this remedy is given and commence feeding moderately with grain, they will lose no wool; and if troubled with foot rot this will cleanse the blood and system, and trying the use of the proper remedies on the feet, you will find you can make a successful cure. What we learn from experience we are not afraid of being successfully contradicted in. This I have learned from handling 100 to 3,000 sheep a year, for the past thirty years. —*Kansas Farmer.*

Chloroforming Animals.

In all operations, lasting any length of time, humanity demands the use of an anæsthetic, not only in the case of the horse, but in all our domestic animals. Besides, many delicate operations can be easily and securely performed when perfect quiet is demanded of the patient, as in operation upon the eye, within the mouth, gullet, windpipe, or other parts of the head, as well as the body and limbs. The safe administration of chloroform to the lower animals lies in allowing an equal proportion of atmospheric air with the vapor of the anæsthetic. If this is denied in the process, death ensues either from paralysis of the heart, coma, or apoplexy, or closure of the glottis by muscular spasm. Anæsthetics should not be used in cases where disease of the heart and brain is known to exist, or to animals affected with degeneration of the lungs. As most animals become completely wild, when the effects of the inhalation commences to act upon the brain, it will become necessary, especially in the case of the horse or the ox, to first have them secured, and preferably in a recumbent position, so that they can not get loose. A convenient and inexpensive mode of administering chloroform to the horse or other animals consists in holding a sponge saturated with the fluid to one of the nostrils. Care should be taken to guard the skin of the nose and lips from its irritating properties, by smearing these parts with oil or glycerine. At the commencement, the sponge should be held at a small distance from the nose. As the animal gets more and more under the influence, it should be approached to the nose, but it is imperatively necessary that there should be a free admission of atmospheric air. In order to confine the vapors, a light cloth should be thrown loosely over the hands of the operator at the beginning. From two to four ounces of chloroform are generally sufficient, unless the operation to be performed is of a protracted nature. The size of sponge to be used for the larger animals should not be smaller than two closed fists. It should be soft and slightly moist from being squeezed with clean cold water, and it will be sufficient to pour about two ounces of chloroform on it to begin with. So soon as the animal allows a finger to be placed upon the eyelids, the operation is to be proceeded with as dexterously as possible, during which an assistant should hold the sponge, and only apply it from time to time, to keep up the required insensibility. Really, the administration of the anæsthetic should form the whole duty of one person, who must also carefully watch the pulse and the respiration. If the breathing becomes feeble and particularly the inspirations loud, or there are premonitory signs of suffocation, etc., the sponge must be quickly withdrawn.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Grains of Gold.—A year of pleasure passes like a fleeting breeze, but a moment of sorrow seems an age of pain.

The affection of parents is best shown to their children by teaching them what is good and true.

Great souls are always loyally submissive to what is over them; only mean souls are otherwise.

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, ... EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL., ... SEPT. 13, 1879

Touching Scene in a Street Car.

[From the Utica Tribune.]

A lady entered a car on the Oakwood road one day the past week leading a little girl perhaps four years old. The mother sat down and lifted the little one to a seat beside her. The child was nibbling at a bit of cake or candy, now and then turning her face, full of childish love, up to her mother and murmuring some almost unintelligible words of affection.

Opposite to mother and child sat another young lady, who often smelled a fresh rose which she held. The innocent little one before her attracted her attention, and the natural kindness of the sympathetic woman's heart prompted her to at once offer the fragrant flower to the little budding lily opposite. So she leaned a bit forward and spoke:

"Baby want the posey?"

But the child seemed not to hear. Perhaps it was the noise of the moving car that prevented. Then she spoke a a little louder and held the flower forward temptingly—

"Baby may have the posey."

The mother heard, for she looked toward the other lady and smiled—and oh! such a look of heartfelt gratitude, of motherly love, yet heavily saddened with such an expressive tinge of sorrow as is seldom seen. And still the lady of the rose pressed upon the little one acceptance of the flower.

"Baby, take the rose," holding it almost to the child's hands. And now it seemed she was heard, for the blue eyes turned full upon her would-be patron, and then in a moment she strangely drew back and turned her appealingly toward her mother's face. The lady with the flower showed her bewilderment in her look, while a pained expression flitted across the face of the mother, who leaned forward and whispered just a word—

"My darling is blind!"

Then the whole sunless, darkened life of the fair little being—fair as the flower which had been offered her—came up before the mind. All beauty shut out from her forever! For her no foliage-strewn, flower-studded scene to follow the bleakness of Winter. No looking with awe into the mysterious depths of the night sky, sparkling with glittering, twinkling star-gems, for over those blue eyes the Creator, in the mystery of his designs, had hung the impenetrable veil. No expectant gaze toward the mother's face for the gentlest smile that ever soothes a childish trouble; only the blind passage of the little hand over and over those features, for one moment's sight of which that growing little one will often and often willingly offer years of existence. For her, the birds will sing; the loveliness of form and feature are not. For her, while the babbling stream may make mysterious music, its dimpled waves and winding reaches and verdant banks do not exist.

How bitterly vivid all this as the lady opened the little hand and shut within it the thornless stem of the rose, now bearing a tear on its petals.

And there were other swimming eyes in the car.

Murdered by Scandal-Mongers.

The post mortem examination of Lillie Munger, the girl who killed herself near Rochester a few weeks ago, showed that she was not a dishonored girl, and this has led to the discovery that cruel gossip had tainted her name, and that death by her own hand was the only rest the poor girl could find. When at last she was hounded to this by the swivel-tongued persons of her own sex, who disseminate the neighborhood news thereabouts, she was not permitted to die in a house but was put out doors under a tree, and was there first seen by the doctor who was called to attend her. Oakland county will please hand in its regular and liberal contributions for the heathen in foreign lands!—[Detroit News.

REMEMBER, you cannot be suspicious of others without making others suspicious of you, and you cannot spend time in talking against the honesty of others without exciting the feeling that you yourself will bear watching.

Sir Walter Scott wrote to his countrymen: "We shall never learn our real calling or secure our destiny till we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart."

Adversity has its uses. the man who is never sick never knows how good it is to have a troop of friends rush in, sit down beside his aching head, and tell him in the most solemn manner that his doctor has lost three patients out of five the whole season through.

Give entertainment to pious thoughts hear what they say. Holy thoughts ars precious things, and if not angels, they are God's messengers, and in that sense, angels sent from God. They come from God and they tend to God.

There may be a furlough from our customary work; there can never be any lawful vacation from doing good. There may be change of place and scene and fellowship; there must be none in the spirit of self-sacrificing benificence.

This is for You

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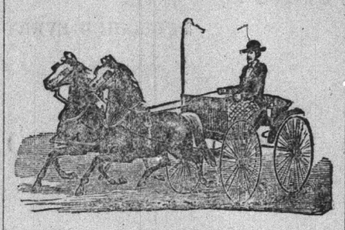

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